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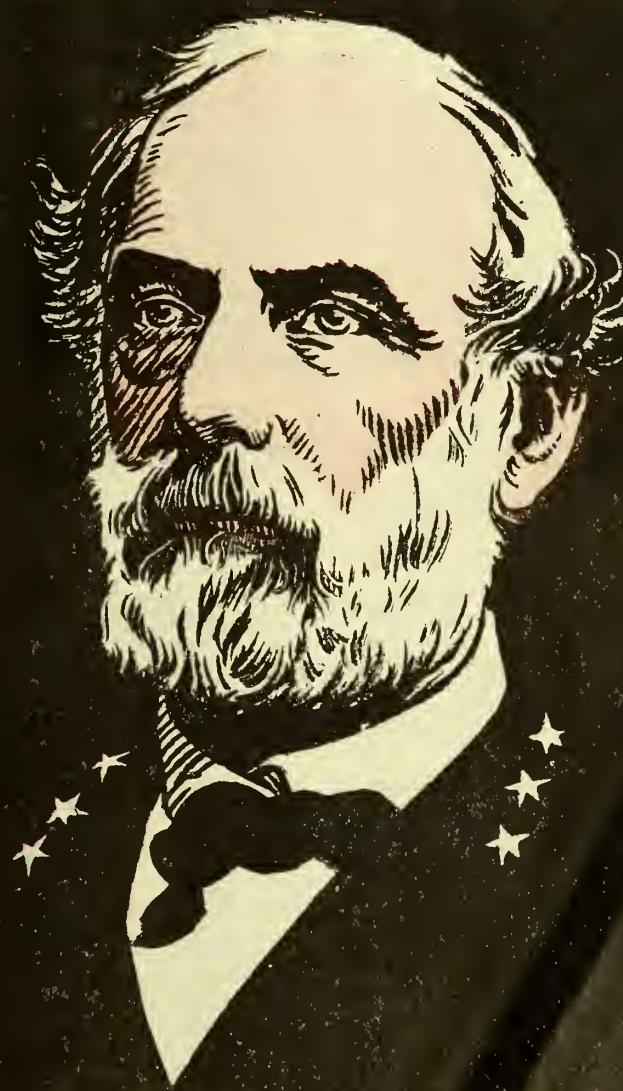
JANUARY 19, 1923

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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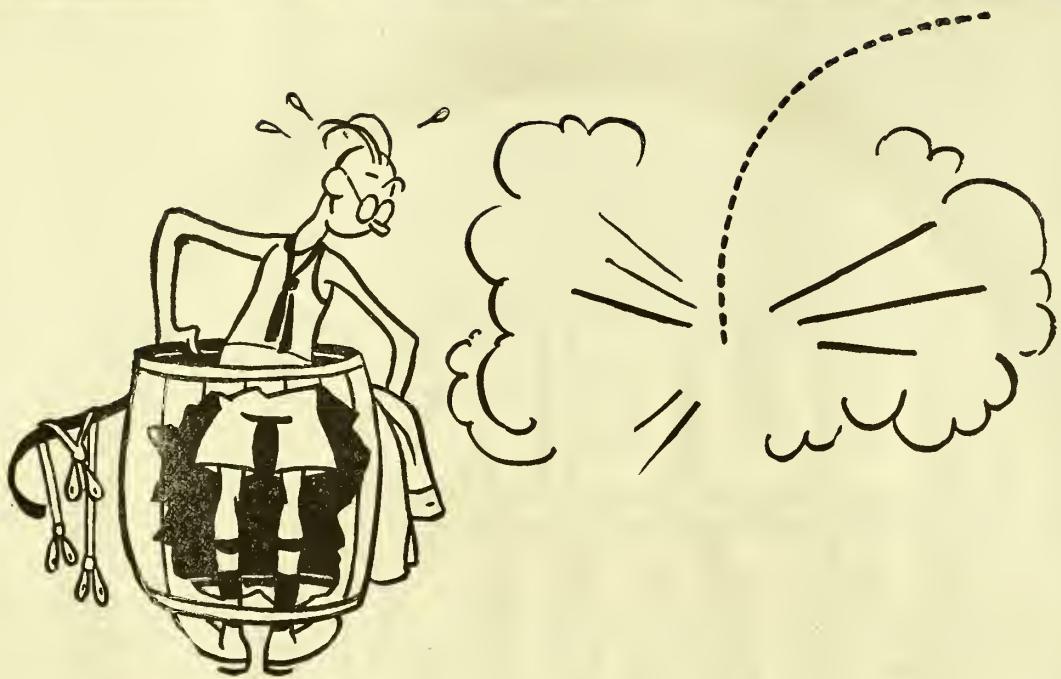
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**It's toasted. This  
one extra process  
gives a delightful  
quality that can  
not be duplicated**



Manufactured by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*



## *Where did that one land?*

Remember when Buddy first peeped over the edge of his barrel and waited to see where the next one would hit? Since that day we've hung a lot of clothes on the Stave Hero: shirts, underwear, garters, belts, neckwear, handkerchiefs, mufflers, nightwear, suspenders, hosiery, and several other things for young men who like to dress well and in style. Alors, here we are again, on the job of keeping step with fashion, just as we have for Sixty long years.

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



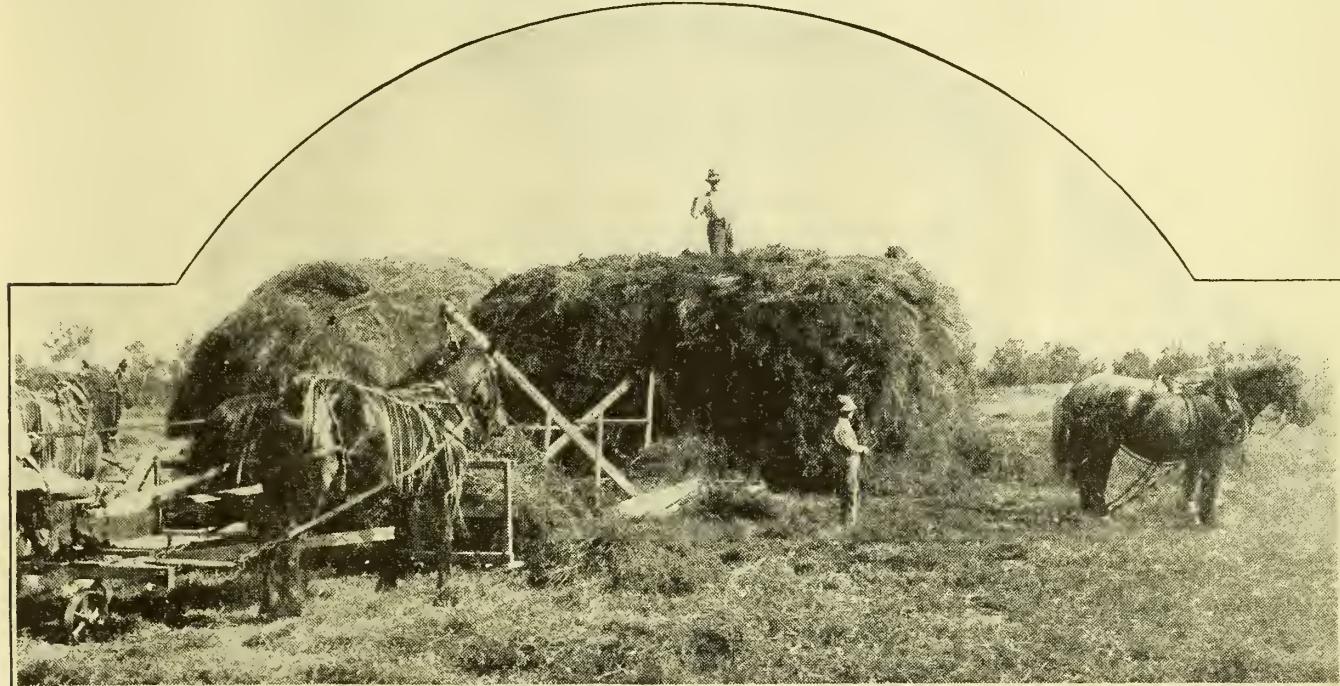
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PAGE 5



Talk about making two blades of grass grow where one grew before—this dry land farm now grows three crops of alfalfa a year where none grew before, thanks to Uncle Sam's turning on the faucet

## Free Land—A Ten to One Shot

ONCE I did a good turn for Red Higgins. Today I propose to get paid for it. Instead of pleasing the President and the cabinet and various senators and some assorted dry-land boomers by pointing out how perfectly sweet every one is going to be to the ex-soldier—

I'm going to tell the truth.

The last time I saw Red Higgins I was driving four small, mild mules to a rattletrap wagon through the gray sage. Afar off Red was weaving under a pack. When he came near enough I saw that he had on his shoulders a roll of blankets and a frying pan and coffee pot—no one needs a more elaborate outfit anywhere unless he is batchin' at the Ritz—and a fuzzy dog. Red was fuzzy himself. As I remember him he was almost sunk in red whiskers. The poor blighter of a dog had stabbed so many cactus needles in his feet that he could not walk, and so Red was carrying him into town. That was a matter of twenty-odd miles. Perhaps no other man in the world but Red knows just how much a dog can weigh.

"Climb into the wagon," I said.

I felt like a young prince when I caught Red's grateful glance. Red was

Let's See—Didn't Uncle Sam Hand Out Some Promises Four Years Ago About Farms for Soldiers?

By Herbert Corey

several stopes below my social level. I was working on a cow ranch while he had homesteaded a quarter section of dry land in the hope that eventually the Government would run a ditch his way, and that if the Government didn't, God would turn the course of a mountain stream. Between times he herded sheep, aided by the scrub dog he was carrying. Western sheepherders are not permitted by their owners to associate with nice, clean collies. The dog licked Red's hand all the way to town.

"How's everything?" I asked, casually. Not that I cared a hang, but it made conversation. Red said it was rotten, as he picked away at the cactus spines in the dog's feet. He had been trying to dig a well on the ranch, he said—all alone—and it caved in and almost caught him. It was pretty tough climbing through the sand, all the

way from town, when he visited his ranch. He was obliged to pack his grub, and even a few dollars' worth of flour and bacon and coffee and baking powder get mighty heavy. Lonesome, too, and the packrats stole everything. And no drinking water. Had to tote that seven miles until he could finish his well.

This was long before the war, but the basic facts of life do not change. Red found it just as hard to get rid of his graybacks out on that dry quarter as other folks later on in France found it difficult to dispossess cooties. He quit pruning and pinching them, though, when he heard of the Indian's plan. He stirred up a lively anthill and covered it with his clothes. While the ants were disposing of the adult pests Red was singeing his body with a flaming branch of sage. I thought the treatment rather heroic, but at that time I had never associated with cooties.

"I've got three years to go," said Red, gloomily, "before I get my title. Then what'll I do? I'll be as broke as an egg."

The reason for all this about Red Higgins and his dry-quarter is that it is about time that some one gave The American Legion the lowdown about

dry-land farming. The man who undertakes to develop a dry-land farm unless he has money enough for at least two years' living and for the cost of ditching and horse feed and wire and seed and a shack to live in—say, \$2,500—is simply breaking into hell before he is sent for.

A few days ago I talked with one of the subordinate officials in the Interior Department which will, or should, have ultimate charge of any reclamation project in which the American soldier will be interested. He knows dry-land farming, and reclamation projects, and those long, lonely days of fighting against the forces of nature that even the most fortunate homesteader must go through. He told me of one of the comparatively recent governmental reclamation projects—that of the North Platte—

"That was the most cruel thing the Government ever did," he said. "I am ashamed."

In that North Platte project, he said, there were 224 farms to be filed on. The land was to be given free to settlers—and right there Uncle Sam played a trick that the meanest real estate agent who ever robbed a widow should be ashamed of—for the water without which the land would not be worth a two-cent stamp would cost \$100 an acre. Mind you, the land plus water is easily worth a great deal more. A nice little irrigated farm is about the most comfortable haven this side of paradise. But the poor devils who clamored for those 224 farms did not get all the truth.

The Government demanded that five percent be paid down at the time of filing. The lucky ones who drew farms were then given twenty years in which to pay the remaining ninety-five percent. Sounds easy, doesn't it? But wait. No one told the lucky men that they would need capital on which to live through the non-productive period. No one told them they were at a distance from employment. No one warned the married man that it is pretty hard on a woman to live alone in a tarpaper shack miles away from a neighbor for weeks at a time while the man works in town. No one warned them that if they were unable to keep up their payments Uncle Sam would foreclose.

"We had fifty thousand inquiries about that North Platte land, from twenty-six States," said the official. "More than one million dollars was deposited with us by hopeful applicants."

Now, this was a service proposition. Most free land opportunities nowadays are, for that matter. By the terms of resolutions adopted by Congress in 1919 and 1920, and re-adopted only the other day, men who served in the war with Germany are allowed a preference right

of entry of at least sixty days after the date of opening on all lands opened or re-opened. Further, honorably discharged soldiers or sailors may reduce the three years' residence necessary on a homestead by the term of their service in the Army or Navy, except that a minimum of one year's stay on the land is required. The North Platte project conclusively proved that the man out of a uniform wants a farm—or a good many of him do—wants a piece of land on which he can take refuge from bosses and where his youngsters will grow up strong.

## Background

By Steuart M. Emery

**W**HEN times are as tough as times can get  
And you're feeling their bitter brunt;  
When the wallet's thin and it's hard to grin  
At the long, hard pull in front.  
When it seems—no fun—that your chance is done  
And the task's for a bigger man,  
Do you doubt you can win if you go right in?  
There's something to show you can.

Remember the Argonne's back of you,  
Its muck and its maze of wire;  
When the skies roared red and the ground ahead  
Was a cauldron of lead and fire.  
There wasn't a tougher job on earth  
Than to win to the last long mile,  
But you crashed clean through when the whistle blew,  
Remember that now—and smile.

When everything looks like a bad misdeal  
And somebody else has trumps;  
When the plans you try get a blow sky-high  
And you know only bumps and bumps;  
When the future runs in a ragged road  
That patterns its course uphill,  
Why ever exclaim, "Can I beat this game?"  
You've something to show you will.

Remember the North Sea's back of you,  
The smash of its crests upcurled,  
As the sleet cut cold and the wagon rolled  
In the black of a pitching world.  
The galleys under a flood of foam,  
No sleep on patrol in style,  
Yes, that was a job, and you did it, gob,  
Remember that now—and smile.

"Three thousand four hundred and thirty-six soldiers stood for hours, hoping to be hit by the lucky lightning of one of those 224 pieces of land," said the man in the Interior Department. "So many men had given up jobs, spent their hard-earned money and wasted their intensely needed time only to be disappointed."

They came to the North Platte project carrying their bed-rolls and in twin-six cars. They walked, they rode mules, they punched burros ahead of them, they creaked through the sand in old-time wagons that might have dated back to the days when the Sioux held the North Platte country. Some of them were down to their last splinter when the big wheel rolled wherein the numbers had been placed. No one who has not seen and lived through such an experience can understand it. I have

seen families wrecked, lives spoiled, men and women sent to perdition by just such things as that. The 3,212 unlucky ones found themselves dumped on a country that had no work for the jobless and no food for the moneyless.

Why am I writing all this bitterness? I'll tell you. Because I feel that any government—our own or another—is normally chuckleheaded unless well abused occasionally. When I remember that when our Army was in France some inspired mullethead in Washington began to fear it would go Bolshevik. God knows what made him think

so. So far as I could discover through a fairly near-hand acquaintance the men did not like mud and war and cooties. They were not nearly so keen on our French friends as the Lafayette—we-are-here school insisted. They were even a bit puzzled as to why they were there. They were offering waivers on all officers, from second looey's up.

But they were not turning Bolshevik and no one but a parlor hound who had never touched the solid realities of life would havethoughtso. The Washington crowd had gone completely sour in the head through listening to the French and British and Russ and Italian and other propagandas. The Washington crowd felt that the one way in which to keep the Army sweet and clean was to fool it. Just as they kept the people at home happy by telling how some American general was kissed by some French general, and refusing to let the correspondents say the men were short of underclothes.

My God, how I hated the men who invented that game of fooling us during the war!

So they encouraged our soldiers to believe that when they were demobilized there would be farms waiting for them. Not quite that, perhaps, but very near it. I knew not one but fifty—a hundred

men who firmly believed that when they got back to God's Country all they would have to do, having been discharged and washed up and been bothered by that somewhat mussed affection of the folks back home, was to walk into some government office and say, "Washington, I'm here, just like Lafayette. Where's my farm?"

You know what happened. Nothing.

In pawing through the reports and letters and other bales of literary sunshine common to that time I discover that the one thing that every one publicly agreed on was that "something must be done for the soldiers." All the senators, Congressmen, cabinet officers, chief clerks, editors, postmasters and politicians assented to that. But nothing was done, except to talk about how nice it will be when every soldier has a farm and a Ford and an electric

A line-up of ex-service applicants outside the Legion employment office during the Torrington drawing

lighted henhouse and a radio, so he and his wife can sit on the front porch of summer evenings and hear the inspiring goo hurtling through the air from Washington. That was in 1919, but nothing was done. After all, there is no reason why a politician should do anything for anybody if he can get the votes without. Is there? I leave it to you.

There is another reason why I am bitter against these doodles in Washington who yammer, yammer, yammer, without going out on the 'ard 'ighway and getting somewhere. The plans for reclaiming lands, whether the soldier or the civilian settles on them, provide for making use of national assets that we are bound to need before very long. There can be no doubt that land reclamation pays, and I will give figures presently to prove it. But instead of getting down to business on some practical plan our senators and Congressmen seem unable to see the value to the nation.

And here is the reason.

Not many men in Congress see beyond the next election. A Congressman in Oregon, to pick a State at random, will likely be mightily interested in the reclamation project, because Oregon has dry lands that need reclamation, and real estate men who have lands to sell. But a Congressman in Maine, to select

another State at random, does not care a brass wedding ring about such projects because none of Maine's lands are dry. Neither of them thinks of that project as should a man who is thinking of the nation as a whole. Perhaps they cannot. Maybe the country is too big—or the men too small.

Now, here is the proof that a reclamation project is a paying investment:

In twenty years the United States has expended a total of \$135,000,000 in reclaiming dry lands. Against this may be set a total of \$13,000,000 which has been paid back, so that the net cost of the various projects to date has been but \$122,000,000. Water has been furnished to 1,675,000 acres that previously were as dry as a wooden pump, and 1,100,000 other acres, owned by private companies, have been given supplemental irrigation.

Of the 1,675,000 acres in the government projects, 450,000 are not yet producing crops, because they are in young orchards or for similar reasons. Yet the total of crops produced to date on the 1,225,000 acres irrigated is estimated at \$475,000,000. Roughly speaking, three-fourths of the watered lands have produced four times the cost of

watering. That statement is not exact, but it is near enough to serve as an illustration. Just that much has been added to the country's wealth that would not have been added, not to speak of the increased value of the lands. On the government projects are 31,462 farms which support more than 30,000 families. Irrigated lands are something like old Dr. Coué would have us believe his patients are. Every day in every way they get better and better if they are given a fair chance.

Right here, too, permit me to make a grimace at the politicians who have been mournfully chucking the farmer under his sturdy chin. They have been telling him that the world is against him and that he works long hours and that his cash profits are small. No one need tell me that. I've been the curator of a piece of land that began as a farm and turned into a museum of entomology, and I would not go farming again if I had to get a job as a night watchman. That is merely because I am unfitted for it, and also because I am bone lazy. But I have watched my old pals who began with a team and a grouch a few years ago grow into moderate affluence and numerous gourches.

I know there is no man on earth so independent as the farmer. He can tell the whole world to go to thunder if he wants to, and eat ham and eggs and fried chicken even if he hasn't four dimes in silver. And that is a privilege not many of us enjoy.

If my argument is sound and has been followed, these facts have been established:

(Cont'd on page 24)



Ex-service men watching the drawing at Torrington, Wyoming, on the North Platte project, Wyoming-Nebraska. A total of 3,346 applications were received for the 224 farms available.

**Forward**

צוֹוִיתָא אַוְסְגָּבָעָה

**Forward**

# פֿאַרְזְּדֵעֶן רְטַמּ

VOL. XXV. NO. 9192 Daily

Tuesday, January 2, 1923

NEW YORK

Tuesday, January 2, 1923

8 Pages PRICE TWO CENTS

**אין די מאין, וואז מען גראפט קוייה לעז פאר די נויאקייד סאבעוועים כא-  
האנדרעלט מען די ארכ'יטער ערגעער ווי שקלאפען, באוויזט אונטערזובונג**

רְסָלָן אַפְּאָרָאַיְינְגְּטָעָה פֿאַרְזְּדֵעֶן רְטַמּ  
אַיְזָנְגְּדָעָה מִיטְ 14 שְׁמְטָאוּעָה.  
וּשְׂעִירְכָּאַפְּגָנְעָם עֲרוּעוּלָתָם.

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רְדוּיִים, צְהַדְּגָלִינְגָּעָ פֿאַרְזְּדֵעֶן רְטַמּ 127  
אַרְעַסְטוּרָט אָזְנוּןְמָעָרָטְמָעָן קְרָאָנָק  
פֿוֹן נִיְּאָהָרְדְּ לְהַיְּאָנְקָעָם.

# A Way to Make Americans

Proprietors of Foreign Language News-  
papers Know That Home Is Where  
the Subscriber Hangs His Hat

By Parkhurst Whitney

WHEN Nicolai Stepanauk emigrated to the United States from Grodno he was met at Ellis Island by friends who had preceded him. They showed him the way about and taught him some of the things that every young immigrant should know. They took him to a boarding house where tea was made in a samovar and drunk from tall glasses. After supper he picked up a newspaper and made the interesting discovery that while it was published in New York, it was printed in his own language and carried a good deal of news about his old home town; for instance, he noted that his former neighbor, Benno Volsuk, had gone on his third matrimonial venture—this time with a widow from Kishineff.

Thus, living among his compatriots, working at a job that a dumb man might perform, reading only his foreign language newspaper, it seemed likely that Nicolai Stepanauk might live and die as good a Russian as when he lived in Grodno.

So it would seem—but wait. As he went about his daily life, strange words were forced upon his ears.

"Loafer," said the boss, when Nicolai stopped shoveling.

"Bargain," said the storekeeper, when Nicolai inquired about a handsome purplish suit with eight buttons on the sleeves and a belt around the middle.

"Grafter," said the speaker at a ward meeting, injecting the word right into the middle of a Russian phrase.

Nicolai began to take note of these

words, and of others that appeared in the speech of his friends. In time he used some of them himself, gingerly at first, but finally with perfect assurance of their meaning and their application. Now, when he had reached that stage of Americanization he made another interesting discovery; he noted that the editor of his paper was greatly given to discussing high-flown philosophical subjects in high-flown terms. Hardly ever did that editor refer to the fellow who was campaigning for alderman in Nicolai's ward, and never once did he refer to the fellow as a grafter. It was true that the paper often had some gossip items about folks in Grodno, but there were also many interesting things happening right around Nicolai that he would have liked to read about.

Nicolai reached the limit of his patience one night after he had wrestled with long, unintelligible words in a long, unintelligible editorial. He cut out that editorial and mailed it to the editor, and in the marginal white space he wrote: "Please tell me what this means and send it back to me. I paid for it and I have a right to know what it means."

The literal Americanization of Nicolai Stepanauk had begun.

When Sinn Fein undertook to set Ireland free, one of the significant moves to that end was the revival of the ancient Gaelic language. When Prussia annexed Alsace-Lorraine after 1870, the use of German was compulsory in the schools. When any race is fighting for self-determination, its language is

The front (that is, the back) page of *Forward*, chief of America's Yiddish newspapers. The double-line ribbon head says: "In the mines where they dig coal for the New York subways they treat their laborers worse than slaves, investigation shows." This is not a propaganda story, but pure news—for instance, the conservative *New York Times* on the same day headed this story: "Worse than slaves, says Berwind committee's mine report." The three-column head at the right announces: "Three dead, many wounded, 127 arrested, thousands sick, result of New Year's celebration." The two-column head at the right is over an account of internal developments in Soviet Russia, naturally of immense interest to an audience of Russian Jews, whatever their politics. The article at the extreme left says that manufacturers want more immigrants to enter the country

jealously guarded against the intrusion of foreign words; just as, contrarily, one of the ways to break up a rebellious element is to proscribe its native tongue. If you or I were to speak nothing but Japanese, say, for twenty-five years, the chances are that eventually we would come to think Japanese.

There is a process of Americanization that goes on without conscious effort and despite opposition, and that fact is well demonstrated by the fluctuating fortunes of the foreign language press. Those journals that cling to the old customs and the old language depend almost entirely on unrestricted immigration; close the ports of entry and they will die slowly but surely of starvation. The foreigner goes to the better, more entertaining, more alert American paper just as soon as he can read, and his son and daughter read no other. The success of the Hearst papers is built in some degree on their appeal to the foreigner who has got an American alphabet and doesn't know what to do with it. Even today, with a population which is



# A Family Reunion

## Many Men, Acting Together, Brush Aside the Barriers Between One Man and His Happiness

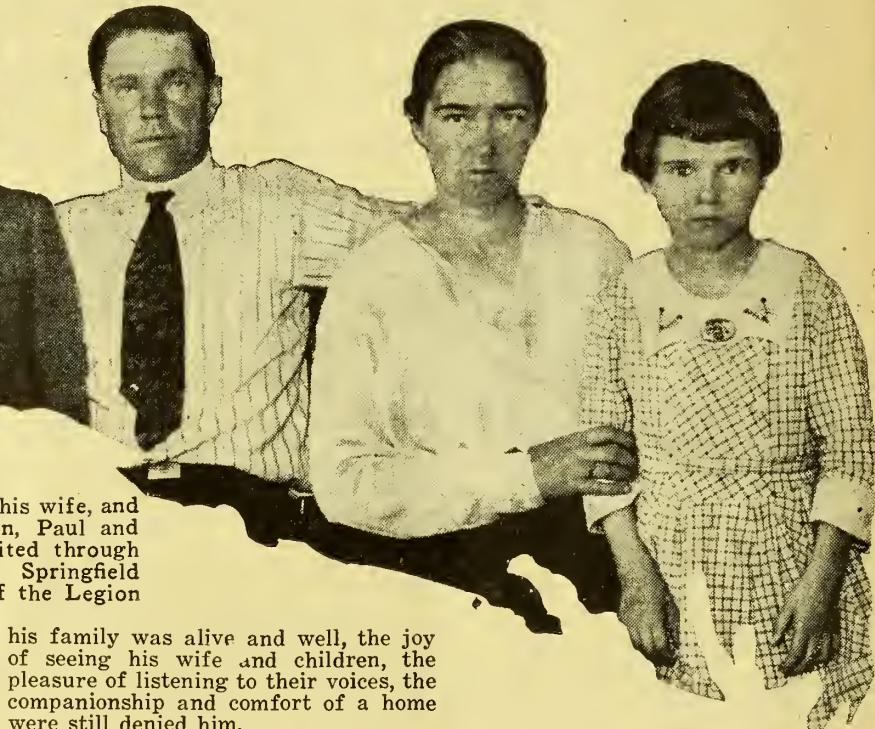
WHEN Michael Leavy left his home in Poland in 1910 and brought his wife, Stephanie, with him to live in America, he looked forward to a life of peace, contentment, and quiet. He did not know that within the short space of seven years he would again be in Europe, that he would be fighting for his adopted country, that his family would be disrupted, and that great and tragic events would come crowding upon him. The happy ending to Leavy's troubles has just been reported.

Stephanie left her aged parents and two brothers in Warsaw, Poland. The two boys were drawn into the armies of the Czar in 1915, leaving her parents alone and in want. Learning of the situation, Stephanie early in the war wished to return to Poland to take care of her parents until her brothers were released from service. Michael willingly gave his consent and agreed that their two children, Paul and Catherine, should accompany Stephanie.

Russia collapsed, Poland was isolated, and then America came in. Michael Leavy donned the uniform of his adopted country soon after war was declared. More than two years later he limped back to his desolate home on a leg shattered by a machine gun explosion that occurred while he was at the front with the Sixth Infantry, Fifth Division.

Lack of communication had left husband and wife each without knowledge of the fate of the other. But at last letters got through, and they learned that all of their little family had been spared. Stephanie and her children, Paul and Catherine, now five years older than when the family separated, were eager to return to America. Michael, hungry for his wife and children, set himself to the problem of bringing them back. In Poland, Stephanie joyfully practiced innumerable economies, doing her share in surmounting the obstacle. In the course of time, enough was accumulated to pay the passage.

New difficulties presented themselves, however. Passports could not be secured. Stephanie had written that she and the children were en route, not knowing that the passports would not be given her. In America, Michael thought that his family was on the way to him—and then he received word that they were back in Warsaw. Though he was heartened by the knowledge that



Michael Leavy, his wife, and his two children, Paul and Catherine, reunited through the efforts of Springfield (Mass.) Post of the Legion

his family was alive and well, the joy of seeing his wife and children, the pleasure of listening to their voices, the companionship and comfort of a home were still denied him.

Once more Stephanie wrote that she was leaving Warsaw with the children and would soon be with him. Michael began to count the days that must drag their weary hours in between. And then he received another letter from his wife. An exceeded quota of immigrants had prevented her passage.

Twelve months had been wasted. Michael Leavy felt as though an impassable barrier had been built to separate him from his family. He was living in Springfield, Massachusetts, and he knew there was a post of The American Legion there. He knew what it had done and was doing for veterans, whether they were members of the organization or not. Had not Springfield Post helped him get a check from the Government every month because of his wounds? He turned to it for aid.

Springfield Post not only could do something—it immediately proceeded to do it. That same day a telegram went to President Harding, and three days later an answer came. The President was interested, and the wheels of the Government were in motion. Certain formalities, as is usual, had to be observed. Could the family's transportation be furnished? Was Michael able to support his family, or was there danger of their becoming public charges? After some telegraphing and exchange of letters, the Government agreed that it would furnish the money for transportation, three hundred dollars, and withhold Michael's compensation checks for that amount.

Springfield Post assured the Government that it would take care of Michael until his checks would again be sent him. The post, through the help of

Speaker Gillett of the House of Representatives, who lives near Springfield, got Secretary of State Hughes to give the Leavy case personal attention. Secretary Hughes cabled Warsaw, and the final link in the chain was apparently forged.

But the American consul in Warsaw could not locate Stephanie and the children—there was some mistake in the Warsaw address. The Legion got in touch with Michael at once. He furnished the correct address instantly, written on a money order receipt he had kept, and it was cabled to Warsaw.

On August 12, 1922, exactly one month after Michael Leavy had told his story to the Legion service officer, a letter came from Washington quoting a cable from Warsaw announcing that the family had been located. The cable said that passage had been arranged and that Stephanie and the children would sail on the first available ship. The Government declined with official thanks the offer of Springfield Post to take care of Leavy while he was paying the passage money with his compensation. The Government generously paid all expenses of the trip, and Leavy continued to receive his compensation checks regularly.

The little family is reunited. The seemingly unconquerable barrier was leveled. What Leavy failed to overcome in two years of personal, earnest effort, the Government, spurred on by Springfield Post of the Legion, accomplished in one bewildering month. Obstacles that towered above one man, alone, were brushed aside by many men, acting together as a whole.

# Twenty-five Years After

A Vet Who Got His First Battle Scar in '98 and His Second in '18 Compares Three American Military Expeditions

By John A. Level

**T**HERE never was a good war or a bad peace." So runs the famous saying. But a veteran of three campaigns must needs have some degree of comparison—there must be a bad and a worst in his vocabulary. Take the case of Jack O'Brien of the Bronx, New York City, who, as a youngster in the National Guard in 1898 got a groove cut across his forehead at San Juan Hill from a rifle ball, was bitten by a rattlesnake on a hike along the Rio Grande during the strenuous border campaign, and was wounded and gassed in France. Incidentally he served twenty-one successive years in the Guard and never missed a drill period or failed to pay a visit to the supply sergeant when new clothing arrived.

O'Brien speaks.

"Cooties? We knew not the galloping freckles in the early campaigns. Verily, a few trained graybacks, or seam squirrels, to break the monotony of camp life, but never a yellow invasion. The reversible shirt was the invention of a master mind of the twentieth century.

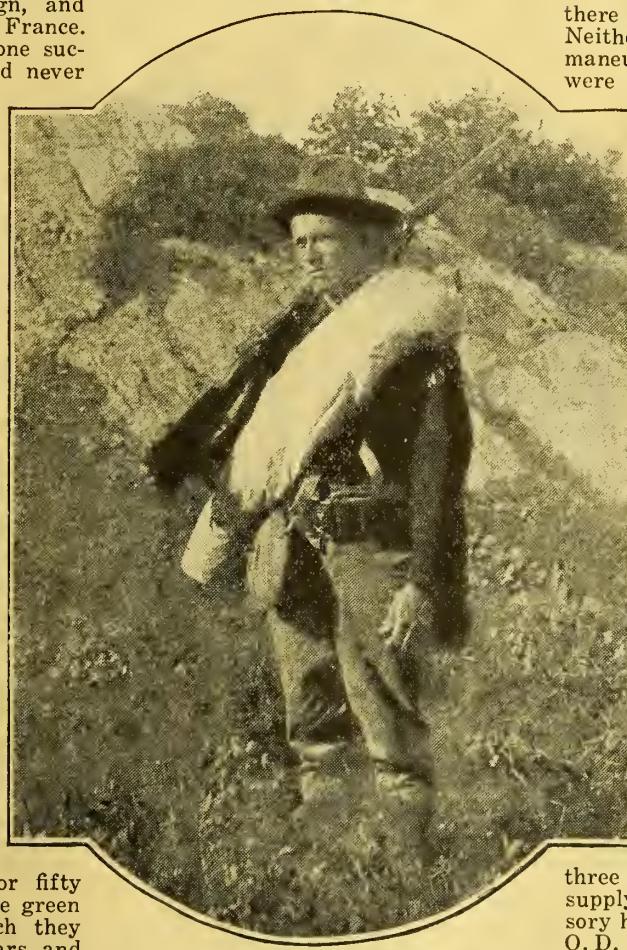
"Slum came into its own long after the Rough Riders rode. The term 'mess sergeant' was unknown to us in the '90's. There were no cooks to spoil the broth but ourselves. We walked by a stack of supplies and a buck handed out the unprepared rations and each individual then retired to his own special or squad fire. The chefs gathered around the blaze and poked beef over the coals on the old-fashioned bayonet—round and pointed—which was carried on a sling beneath the rifle. Sowbelly was another mainstay of the Cuban campaign.

"They handed coffee to us on a spoon—in beans—forty or fifty beans to a soldier. If they were green we browned them, after which they were ground between the molars and dropped into a tin cup and water added and boiled. In those days we rolled our own and ground our own. If the coffee wasn't hot we couldn't blame the colonel.

"We had no punk in Cuba—only hardtack—no peanut bars, pop, booze or bananas. The Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. of C., and canteen, we did not know.

"The outfit we wore when we left home was the outfit we wore on returning, at least to the point of disembarkation. There was no regular issue of army shoes, and it was not an uncom-

Jack O'Brien, wounded in Cuba and France, all set to go in '98 and as he looks today



mon sight to see a bird in battle wearing patent leather kicks. We had no supply train to bring on the pyramids and had to withstand the rainy season with no shelter but the dog tents, a poncho and a blanket—the army pack was a roll thrown around the left shoulder, the ends tied at the right side. The issue shirt was blue—also the blouse and breeches.

"We vets of '98 who reached France minded not the journey in the 40 hommes, for we had traveled some in cattle cars to and through Florida.

With only ten days' rations we crossed from Florida to Cuba in transports, and were seventeen days doing it. There were no submarines, but the Spanish fleet was supposed to be lurking in the vicinity. We anchored near El Caney and were picked up by small boats and later waded through the shallow waters to the shore. Gas masks, hand and rifle grenades and machine-gun cases were in no danger of becoming wet, because we carried no such contrivances."

"And the noise?" he was asked.

"The rifle fire was annoying, but there were no H. E.'s or whizzbangs. Neither were there any overhead plane maneuvers to entertain us, but there were Spanish snipers pegging at us from trees where they were camouflaged. Our rifle shells were not smokeless, and the heavy puffs made good targets for the enemy. The fighting was all done in the daytime, dusk bringing peace and refreshments. I guess you know what it brought overseas—and down on the border it brought Mexican washwomen looking for laundry, also yelping coyotes.

"Our observation balloon in Cuba was a big affair like the ones that made the circuit of county fairs. While in the air it was held from below by some heavyweight doughboys, and messages were phoned down directing the artillery fire, which wasn't heavy.

"We always had a hard fight against yellow and typhoid fever. There were no inoculations. Sometimes only eight or ten men out of a company of eighty were able to report for duty. We had no nurses and there were no ambulances on the Cuban side. All the men who died at sea were buried there.

"O. D. pills we knew in all three campaigns. I have known of the supply of practically every army accessory having become exhausted—but the O. D. pill, never."

Attention! Get ready for this one.

"Our pay was thirteen big silver bones a month, just about enough to buy chevrons, service and wound stripes in 1919, with twenty percent for foreign service, but we had no allotments, insurance or Liberty Bonds. The chow allowance was fifteen cents a day per man, which was plenty in those days to keep the camp fires burning. Our songs were the old sentimental ones—'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' 'Tenting Tonight,' and 'There'll Be a Hot

(Continued on page 23)

# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Compensation, Not Pensions

ONE of the reasons President Harding gave for his recent veto of the bill which would have increased the pensions of veterans of the Civil and earlier wars was that the precedent thus established would entail an expenditure of fifty billions of dollars in the next half century. This is not the first time the President has expressed this viewpoint—not to mention other leaders of his Administration. In fact, some of the latter have got into the habit of dragging the issue into discussion themselves and then denouncing it roundly—so roundly that the suspicion is engendered that they do protest too much.

A couple of years ago when the adjusted compensation bill was first introduced in Congress a representative of the Legion was discussing the measure with a senator, a leader high in the counsels of the nation, a veteran of many years of politics.

"You know, you fellows are going to have a rough road with this bill," said the senator.

"Why?" asked the Legion representative. "Isn't it fair and just?"

"It isn't that," was the reply. "It's the fact that if we pass this bill it will take the place of a pension—and a pension is a mighty fine thing to keep the boys in line."

This incident is not quoted as a reflection on the purpose of the President, who is apparently already half reconciled to some sort of a pension system for men of the World War. It is printed as indicative of a dangerous viewpoint prevalent in certain political circles. When a gentleman comes out of the barn with the pensions scarecrow, sets it up, pulls the strings that make its arms wag and then, with cries of fright, dashes into the tall corn, it is to be doubted if his fears are genuine. It leaves ground for the suspicion that some of those extremely practical men who have shuddered at adjusted compensation as precedent for large pensions would be just as well satisfied if adjusted compensations were dead and forgotten so that a comprehensive pension plan could be put in operation.

It is a pension system which The American Legion is trying its mightiest to avoid. The adjusted compensation bill was proposed by its originators as a *substitute for pensions*. It was considered a more satisfactory, a more practical and a much cheaper method of remunerating the soldiers of the war. It would square off at once the Government's account with the men who served it at a great economic loss. It would help them overcome immediately the handicap they suffered as a result of their service. It would enable them to re-establish themselves on such a basis that the need for further Government help in future would be extremely unlikely.

"Let us pay our obligations now and mark the account closed," was the attitude of those who first spon-

sored the measure. This was the proposal which was submitted to Congress and to the nation. This was the proposal to which the Legion subscribed. It may be added that the Legion realized fully when it endorsed the principle of the adjusted compensation bill that it recognized the potential evils of a pension system, the inadequacy of it, the costliness of it. The Legion felt that a comparatively small payment to the ex-service men now would be more valuable than much greater sums doled out in charitable driblets years hence. It felt, in taking the stand it did, that it was doing the best thing not only by the ex-service man but by the country.

This stand was reiterated and clearly enunciated at the last national convention of the Legion in the following declaration of principle:

Instead of meeting this just obligation in the manner indicated by the Congress with the approval of the representatives of the service men, by the passage of an adjusted compensation measure which would make home owners, home builders and possessors of insurance of thousands of American service men, the Chief Executive proposes a pension.

The American Legion stands four square in favor of adjusted compensation and against a pension. What is sought by The American Legion is that the entire nation shall meet its obligations to the service men by the constructive legislation proposed, and not by the creation of a pension system.

The American Legion cannot enter into a formal, binding, legal agreement with the Government that if adjusted compensation is paid it will be a final and conclusive payment and that the ex-service men of the World War will never seek further financial relief. But it can take a stand just about as binding as a solemn legal agreement, and this it already has done.

Let us repeat and emphasize a few words from the foregoing declaration:

**THE LEGION STANDS FOUR SQUARE IN FAVOR OF ADJUSTED COMPENSATION AND AGAINST A PENSION.**

This statement means that if adjusted compensation is awarded, the Legion, on behalf of the ex-service men of the nation, will accept it as *payment in full*.

When President Harding received the adjusted compensation bill from Congress a few months ago he had in his hands the power to avoid a pension system—or, in any event, to postpone the adoption of one so long that it would never become a financial menace. He did not exercise that power. He will have the same opportunity again. Let us hope that when he does he will sign the adjusted compensation bill and, in so doing, discharge by a moderate payment now an obligation which otherwise might grow into the billions which he fears.

## Lee the Conciliator

**H**ATE dies quickest in the soldier. It is the civilian populations of former enemies who continue to spit fire at each other longest after hostilities have ceased. Every war has proved it, but none better than our own Civil War. And no one soldier in history ever proved it better than the South's first soldier—Robert E. Lee, the anniversary of whose birth falls on January 19th.

No one man—no hundred men—had the influence in the South which Lee had. If he had been of ever so slightly different type, if his attitude had been characterized by however mild an aloofness, however tiny a trace of malice or insolence, the reunion of North and South would have been immeasurably retarded. But to be other than he was, was not in him. He remains the finest example in the world's history of a soldier and a gentleman who was far, far nobler in defeat than ever he could have been in victory. The American Legion is proud of the privilege of honoring his birthday, and of recognizing each succeeding anniversary as an occasion that must merit the reverence of all Americans—East, West, North and South.

# A Self-Supporting Home

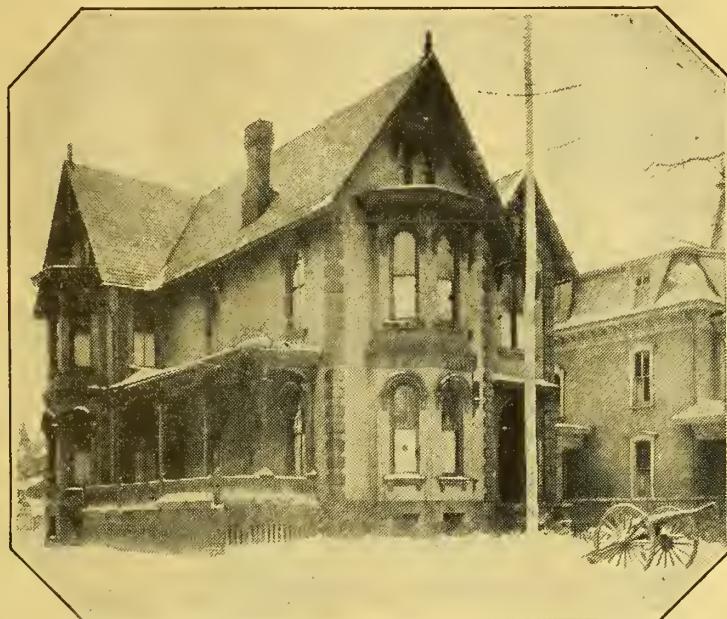
SOME BODY had heard of a good story in Pennsylvania. A Legion post in a coal mining region had established a night school and was running it. The story looked good for the Weekly, so somebody started out to get it. He went to the 1922 convention of The American Legion Department of Pennsylvania at Williamsport.

Having disposed of the introductory paragraph, it might as well be confessed that somebody flivvered the story about the night school. It will have to wait and appear in the future. This is a story about something else—a post clubhouse that somebody found in Williamsport while trying to track the Legion night school to its lair.

The clubhouse is the property of Garrett Cochran Post. It too, looked good for the Weekly, because it offered an illustration of how a clubhouse can be run at a minimum of expense, a maximum of profit and for the general benefit of the most Legionnaires. Also, it tells a few difficulties that posts get into in the running of clubhouses.

In the beginning, Garrett Cochran Post was fortunate because grateful citizens of Williamsport raised nearly \$40,000 for its benefit and turned it over to the post without legal incumbrance or without strings. The post immediately set about to put \$20,000 into a clubhouse. The remainder was to be used as an endowment fund, the income to be used by the post. The gifts merely simplify the telling of the story. After all, this is a story about running the clubhouse, more than anything else. How the money was raised does not enter into it. Plenty of posts have raised \$20,000.

The post, then, had the money. Next, it acquired a building. A fine old building it was, a mansion, located in the choicest, yet



This fine old mansion is the clubhouse of Garrett Cochran Post of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and is practically self-supporting

most central part of Williamsport's residential district. (Williamsport boasts about thirty-five thousand population.) The mansion contained fourteen rooms with two baths. It looked readily adaptable for club purposes and proved to be just that.

Three rooms on the first floor were turned into clubrooms with no great difficulty. The process of conversion

required almost no expenditure of money. The big living room in the front of the house made an ideal lounge room. Connecting rooms were made into the library and reading room, and the dining room. The three can be thrown open together for fairly large assemblages, and Cochran Post, having around six hundred members, is used to large assemblies.

When the night school hunter first walked into Cochran Post clubhouse he was impressed by the number of men using the living room. Half a dozen—all Williamsport Legionnaires; the bulk of conventioneers had not yet arrived—were reading and writing. Another near-squad was playing black-jack. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and the

black-jack players, readers, et als, should be at work. But they turned out to be night workers and the like. Being Legionnaires, and working nights, they found the clubhouse doubly attractive during rather boresome days.

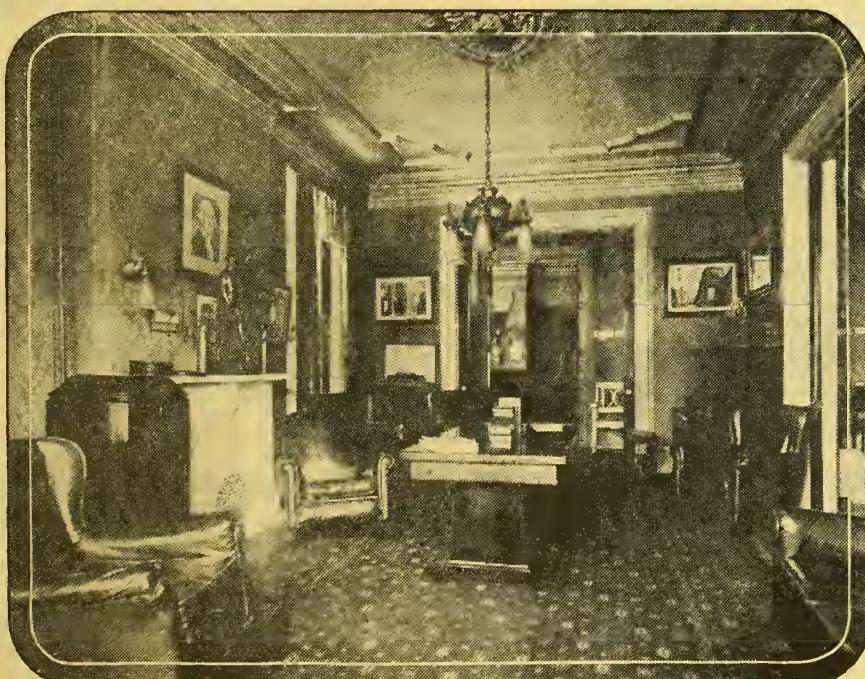
Of nights, the clubrooms become comfortably filled. Fellows drop in on their way home from work. A substantial

few live there all the time. A few take meals there regularly. And a lot spend their evenings there, finding the club the pleasantest of places for passing away time.

All these things looked like a heavy burden on the post treasury. It appeared, first-sight, as if the \$20,000 endowment fund was none to large to support such a building and maintain such conveniences. A meal served in the club tasted like a meal that could be served at no profit; it was too ample, apparently, for the price charged. Post dues must be excessive.

But the post adjutant, H. W. Butler by name, said that these things are not expensive. In fact, Cochran Post clubhouse al-

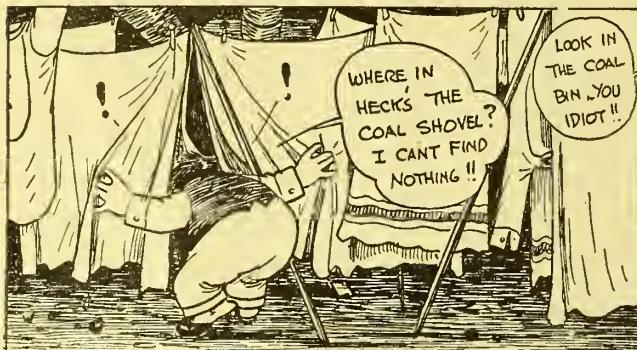
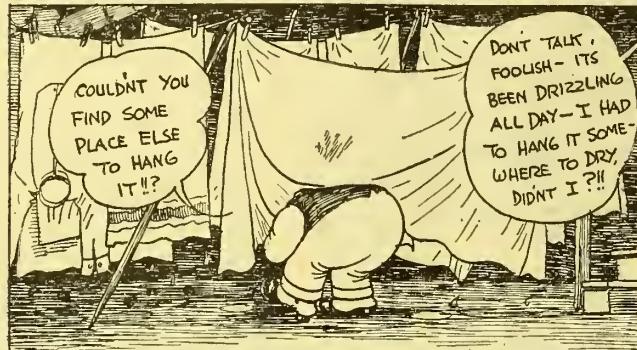
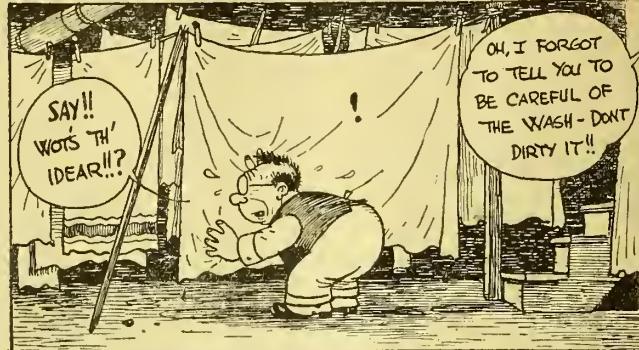
(Cont'd on p. 29)



The lounging rooms of Garrett Cochran clubhouse can be thrown together to make a post meeting hall. This is how the main lounge-room looks when it is ready to be lounged in

# A Cellar Eclipse

By Wallgren



# Keeping Step With the Legion

## Are You Good for \$10,000?

**W**E know that no Legion posts willfully disobey the law—particularly a Federal law which means money for the post treasury—but some Legion posts are careless about admission tax exemptions.

An important provision of the revenue ruling which exempts Legion posts and Auxiliary units from paying the tax on admissions to strictly Legion or Auxiliary affairs is that the organization desiring the exemption must file an affidavit claiming exemption and establishing the right of the beneficiary to be relieved from payment of the tax several days in advance of the date of the entertainment. Failure to do so makes the organization giving the entertainment liable to a penalty of not more than one thousand dollars. If this failure is willful, an offender is liable to a fine of ten thousand dollars or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both.

Applications for the affidavit blanks should be made to the district collector of internal revenue.

## Putting on a Campaign

**H**OW," writes an inquiring adjutant from Idaho, "can our post help our town to get a new post office?"

We were preparing to write a long letter, offering a few feeble suggestions, when along came a letter from John M. Keating, commander of the Beacon (New York) Post, explaining how his post helped force a favorable decision to locate a veterans' hospital at Chelsea, a nearby village. A campaign for a new post office is not radically different from that carried on by Beacon Post. So here's Commander Keating's letter:

After the White Committee had purchased the site for the hospital at Chelsea, which is two miles from Beacon, and had begun excavating for the building operations, it was suddenly announced that the plans called for expenditures in excess of what someone considered to be a reasonable sum for the accommodations which were to be provided. The work was immediately suspended after the announcement and a report was circulated that the project was to be abandoned. It was also reported, either by malicious intent or through an unreliable source of information, that the Legion was opposed to the plans and had been instrumental in causing the suspension of the work.

Beacon Post called a special meeting, repudiated the false statements concerning the Legion's opposition, organized a citizens' committee of fifty of the leading men and women in the community and planned to give expression to local senti-

ment in such a way that it would be unmistakable evidence that the responsibility for the suspension order was not attributable to Legion activity.

Over one hundred telegrams and letters were despatched to President Harding, General Sawyer, Colonel Forbes and the district's representatives in Congress demanding information explaining the cause of the change in the plans. These were sent by the local, county, district and state officials of the Legion, by local commercial, fraternal and civic organizations and by citizens who registered their individual protests.

A public meeting was held on the evening of November 24th and Hamilton Fish, Jr., Representative in Congress from the 26th New York district, came from Washington



assurance that we can count on their support in any undertaking which concerns the comfort of ex-service men.

## Ready References for Activities

**C**ONSIDERING the number of letters that come to this office asking for lists of plays for post production, we are inclined to believe that quite a number of posts fail to appreciate the value of the handbook, "The American Legion: A Community Asset," which was distributed to all posts last spring. There's a list of good dramas, comedies and minstrels, in that handbook, explaining in brief the nature of each play, the number of characters, and the equipment required, and it tells where they can be obtained. That's only one of a fund of good post activity suggestions in the book—it covers everything from athletics and entertainments for meetings to community work.

Community Service, Incorporated, which during the war was known as War Camp Community Service and, therefore, knows pretty well what interests service men, furnished these handbooks especially for the use of Legion posts. The organization stands ready to help the Legion at any time, and in addition to the booklet referred to has the following handbooks prepared, any of which can be obtained at very small cost: "Recreational Athletics," "Fun for Everyone," "What Can We Do," "Games and Play for School Morale," "Community Drama and Community Music," and "Community Buildings for Industrial Towns." The last-named book contains splendid plans which can be used for post homes or memorial buildings.

Posts can obtain copies of these handbooks direct from Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## Ahoy, Members of the Legion:

Have you paid your dues for 1923? Delay will not help you. Your dues are paid for the post's fiscal year, not for a year from the time you pay them. If your post's books for 1922 closed January 1st (as most of them did) you are now in arrears. The longer you delay paying, the shorter the period of membership-in-good-standing you will pay for.

## Post Officers:

Has your post shipped over, one hundred percent strong, for 1923? If not, some of the blame may fall on you. Have you let every member of your post know that a new Legion year has come?

to report that the matter had been satisfactorily and speedily adjusted as a result of the remonstrance and that, while a revision in the original plans would be made which would make two units instead of the larger one contemplated, work on the Chelsea project would be resumed within a short time and be carried through to conclusion. The report has since been confirmed by letters from the department officials in Washington.

At this writing the work has been started again and when it is completed there will be accommodations for five hundred men.

Beacon Post is preparing to assume its responsibility for the social welfare and happiness of these men while they are with us and the citizens of Beacon have, by their co-operative interest, given evidence of their hearty approval of our endeavors and

## More Money

**R**ECENTLY we have carried many items telling how posts have been made beneficiaries of war chest funds raised in different parts of the country for the benefit of soldiers and sailors during the war and now turned over to the Legion as the most representative organization to carry on the work for service men to which the funds originally were dedicated.

Further proof of the Legion's right to such funds was offered by the recent act of the Board of Directors of the Huntington (Indiana) War Chest Association, when the board voted the \$11,000 remaining in its treasury to The American Legion County Council for veterans' relief.

# BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

## No Hope

"They say people who live together grow to look alike."

"Then you absolutely must consider my refusal final."

## Juvenile Statistics

Kindly Old Gentleman: "And whose little girl are you?"

Innocent Babe: "I'm mamma's daughter by her third divorced husband."

## Equipment A

"Chuff!" snorted the ex-doughboy to a comrade who was kicking about the way he had been rooked of his souvenirs and excess baggage at the port of embarkation. "In our outfit every man took fifty-four pieces of baggage home with him."

"For the luvva Pete! How'd they get that way?"

"I mean it. A deck of cards and a pair of dice."

## Why Boys Went AWOL

"Let's not go into details," pleaded the buck, who was in wrong with the top kick and didn't exactly crave K. P.

## Ye Thoughtful Gob

Ding: "Some nerve, that gob has! Had to be operated on—wouldn't take an anesthetic—just sat on top of the table and played the harmonica while they yanked a bullet out of his side."

Dong: "Mighty considerate for his doctors, too. He didn't call for a saxophone."

## Pas Compree

Statistics show that 2,487,926 jokes have already been printed about the American Negro soldier and the French Algerian. Here's No. 2,487,927.

One of America's colored defenders met an Algerian of similar hue on the rues of Paris. The conversation ran like this:

American: "Boy, howdy! How long yo'all been over heah?"

Algerian: "Je ne comprends pas."

American: "Ah say, how long yo' been away fum de United States?"

Algerian: "Je ne comprends pas."

American: "Boy, yo' suah is been heah one debbil of a long time!"

## Warning

"My husband must be lonesome. Every letter he writes he asks me when I'll be home."

"Perhaps he is merely cautious."

## Plain Clothes Men

Dubbs, late sergeant, A. E. F., had gone to a South American country where a revolution was on, searching for excitement. The president, who had just risen to power, promptly appointed him quartermaster general, and then produced sketches made by himself as designs for uniforms for his forces.

"I get most of this, President," remarked Dubbs, after studying them for awhile. "This here seems to be for the

Army and this for the Navy. But what's this thing with the green plume on a three-cornered hat, yellow, swallow-tailed coat trimmed with purple, and—"

"Ah, zat!" exclaimed the president triumphantly. "Zat is my masterpiece. Zat is for ze Secret Service."

## Suggestion of a Doughboy

*Being the  
Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner  
of Conducting the Next War, Together  
with Certain Reflections on the Conduct  
of the Last One*

48. That at the beginning of the next war a chance to fight be given to all those who would have fought in the last war if they'd only had the chance, and that commissions be granted at the outset to the several hundred thousands who would have been commissioned the next day if their outfits hadn't been ordered home.

(To be continued)

## Up to Posterity

Thebauld, ex-service man, had died. Two friends were discussing his affairs at the close of the funeral.

"Did he will anything to his wife?" asked Thomanson.

"Nobody knows yet," replied Morrison. "He left her his bonus."

## Its Modern Version

Prospective Purchaser (examining volume of maxims in bookstore): "I don't see the old favorite here about locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen."

Clerk: "No, this is a new and revised edition. But there's its successor about analyzing the home brew after the funeral has been held."

## Just Before the Battle, Mother

Mrs. Gettit (looking up from her half of the morning paper): "My goodness, Henry, it says here that a lady footpad is working in town!"

Mr. Gettit (whose pockets have been mysteriously raided over night): "Poor girl, I suppose it's only her way of getting all the comforts of home."

## Lord Save the Wildcat

Two hunters in the North Carolina woods had chased a wildcat to a clearing and were terrified to see the beast jump into the window of a cabin from which the sound



Robinson Crusoe: "This darned prohibition is raising havoc with our salvaged food supply"

of a woman's voice had just been heard. On the porch, rocking comfortably and apparently unperturbed, sat Friend Husband.

"For heaven's sake, is your wife in there?" screamed one of the hunters.

"Yeah."

"Good Lord, man, get busy! A wildcat just jumped in the window!"

"Yeah? Well, let him git out the best way he can. I got no use for the pesky critters and danged if I'm goin' to help him."

## Worth Trying For

Smith: "I suppose the reason you took a chance and tried to capture that holdup man was because you had a large sum of money on your person."

Jones: "No, but I figured that he had."

## Hopeless

Barnum: "Is Tucker as indolent as people claim?"

Bailey: "Indolent! That fellow's too lazy to follow the line of least resistance."

## Optimistic

Jones was getting in at 3 a. m. much bedraggled. There had been an argument outside his club and he had received decidedly the worst of it.

"You're a fine sight," ejaculated Mrs. Jones, who was waiting inside the door with the traditional rolling pin. "What on earth have you been doing?"

"Fight'n, m' dear," replied Jones candidly. This was visibly a case for frankness rather than evasion.

"And got most of your clothes torn off, I see."

"Well," explained the offender apologetically, "tha's aw' ri'. It's most time for bed anyway."

## Unpromising

During the trial of a case in a Western court one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and made a break for the door. He was arrested in his flight and hauled back to the box, where he was sharply reprimanded by the judge.

"I'd like to know what this means, anyway," snorted the court in concluding his remarks.

"Well, your honor," explained the man. "When the lawyer for the defense got through talking I'd made up my mind this bird wasn't guilty, but when the prosecutor got started, I says to myself, 'I better get out and stay away till he's finished,' because to tell the truth, your honor, I didn't like the way the case was going."

## Late

A merchant in an Ohio town is noted for being a stickler in the matter of punctuality. One day an employee was talking it over with a friend.

"Is it true the boss is cracked about doing things on time and goes into a fit whenever anybody is late?" asked the latter.

"True?" echoed the man who knew. "Say, if the boss had made

a date to meet himself here at eleven o'clock and was five minutes late, he'd find himself gone when he got here. That's how true it is."

### The Heathen Chinee Is Peculiar

(The following "Hints on Squads Right" are attested by Canton Post of the Legion as being certified literal copies of bona-fide instructions prepared by Chinese non-coms.)

1. When the command is "Squads Right—March!" each man should turn his body to the right side and make two long calums and walk forward.

2. The number of 4 boy right face and mank time to visit the number of 3, 2 and 1 boys to the strong lime then march.

3. The first man in front rank turns to right and towel time for six counts.

4. When command "Squads right march." The first man of front line only turns right by his body, not move to other place. The second man of front line two steps forward.

5. The fourth man of the front lank, he needs only turns his face to the right and march times their and the back lank men had to be followed only the front men.

6. The No. 6 lift face and 2 peice forward and the right face. The No. 7 left face go forward.

7. In a squad each man at command give the front lank first man mark time turn slowly to the right and then the second, the third, the fourth. The lall lank at first man so the same as the front lank, at the whole lank just straight and in the turning count seven and then off that is the command in the squad each man do.

### Per Request

Rastus, ever since coming back from the war, was proudest of the proud because of the empty O.D. sleeve that hung limply at his side. To all who asked and to some who didn't he explained that he had lost his arm charging a 'sheen gun nest.'

"Huccum yo' so disregardless of yo' health yo' chage dat 'sheen gun nest?'" inquired an envious friend.

"Hmph!" grunted Rastus. "Dey 'pointed volunteers an' I was one of dem."

### Highball Fodder

It was during the war and on this side of the water. A rookie was traveling to town on his first over-night leave.

"Say," queried the conductor of the train, "whaddya keep salutin' me for? I'm no army officer."

"I know you ain't," replied the John promptly, "but anything will do to practice on."

### But Reason Enough

Curious Lunatic: "Why did they send you here?"

Humorous Lunatic: "For no reason whatever."

### Nicht Versteh

They were talking it over again.

"Jack," she said, as she nestled in his arms, "tell me what you did on the Rhine. What did you think of the unspeakable Hun?"

"Oh," replied Jack candidly, "he wasn't unspeakable, but darned if I could understand him."

### Outfit Reunions and Notices

**CONTRIBUTIONS** for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

**75TH (LIGHTNING) DIVISION ASSOCIATION**—"The Flash" former A. E. F. newspaper of this outfit has made its reappearance in magazine form. Association membership including subscription to magazine is two dollars per year. Address 78th Div. Assn., 20 Exchange Place, New York City.

**COMPANY F, 316TH INFANTRY**—Annual reunion and banquet to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., in February. Address John A. Rowe, 5551 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**316TH INFANTRY, 79TH DIVISION**—Regimental reunion banquet evening of January 25th at Hotel Allen, Allentown, Pa. Address Carl F. W. Beyer, Avenue B, Bethlehem, Pa.



# Watch the Man

See the changes one week brings

Millions of women know this new way of teeth cleaning. And the pretty teeth seen everywhere now show what it means to them.

If the man doesn't use it, get this 10-Day Tube for him. Then watch the results. See what changes will come in a week.

### That dingy film

Most people who brush teeth in old ways have film-coated teeth. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. That film becomes discolored, particularly with men who smoke. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

No old-type tooth paste can effectively fight film. So all these troubles were constantly increasing, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than today.

### New discoveries

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight that film. One acts to curdle it, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Many careful tests proved these methods efficient. Then authorities endorsed them, and dentists everywhere began to advise their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is

**Pepsodent** PAT.OFF.  
REG.U.S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Pepsodent. Then these two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

### Not film alone

But Pepsodent brings other great results which research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to constantly neutralize the acids which cause decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold power.

### Some fifty nations use it now

The use of Pepsodent has spread the world over, largely by dental advice. Careful people of some fifty nations now employ it daily. Thus it is bringing a new dental era. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how widely it is used.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will gain a new idea of what clean teeth mean. And all in your home will always want those whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free 1060

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 640, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

# Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

## Head off that Croup with Musterole

Keep the little white jar of Musterole handy on your bathroom shelf and you can easily head off croupy colds before they get beyond control.

The moment you hear that warning cough, get out the good old Musterole and rub this soothing ointment gently on the chest and throat.

Made from pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole penetrates right through the skin and breaks up the cold by relieving the congestion.

Musterole does its good work without blistering the skin like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Use it for treating tonsillitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, chilblains, colds and croup.

Sold by all druggists, in tubes and jars, 35c and 65c; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio  
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



## THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

### The Editor Enjoyed This One

*To the Editor:* Permit me to start the new year right by congratulating you on the two excellent articles in your issue of December 29th. I refer to "The Memoirs of a Conscientious Shavetail," completed in that number, and to Captain Jackson's "The Camera's Eye on Wilson." The first is interesting not only because of the author's appreciation of human values but because of his literary skill and because of Baldridge's illustrations. I wish I might recognize the author by his photograph, but I do not; the second article both in the incidents that it reports and in its genuine appreciation of Mr. Wilson.—LOUIS FELIX RANLETT, 357 Central St., Auburndale, Mass.

### Have You Read Them?

*To the Editor:* I read with great interest the letters in the Voice of the Legion and especially those dealing with the fate of the *Persic*. For the benefit of all Legion members I desire to call their attention to two articles in the *National Geographic*. One appeared in February, 1919. It was entitled "The North Sea Mine Barrage." The other (called "The Removal of the North Sea Mine Barrage") was in the February, 1920, issue. Another copy of the *Geographic* which would without doubt interest ex-soldiers is the December, 1919, issue, which contains 151 illustrations of decorations and insignia of honor and service.—HAROLD V. THOMAS, Oakley, Mich.

### Sorry

*To the Editor:* In an article entitled "Will the Hyphen Win in Hawaii," written by Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, in a recent issue of *The American Legion Weekly* occurs this statement:

"There are sixteen Japanese-language publications in Hawaii of which seven are dailies. The Japanese dailies in Honolulu have a larger circulation than the two American dailies. Only an infinitesimal proportion of Japanese residents read anything but the Japanese papers."

In the interest of accuracy and because I feel that this statement would give a very incorrect impression of the newspaper situation in Hawaii, I wish to state the following:

There are only five Japanese daily publications in Hawaii, only three of which have circulations which are substantially large as judged by local standards of circulation importance.

It is not true that the Japanese dailies of Honolulu have a larger circulation than the two American dailies. The *Star-Bulletin* has a larger circulation daily and Saturday than any two Japanese language newspapers, and the *Star-Bulletin* and *Advertiser*, the two Honolulu daily newspapers published in English, have a larger combined circulation than all of the Japanese dailies put together.

It is not true that only an infinitesimal proportion of Japanese residents read anything but the Japanese papers. A considerable proportion of Japanese immigrants are now reading American newspapers, and a very large proportion of American-born Japanese are now reading the American newspapers.—RILEY H. ALLEN, *Editor, Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Honolulu, T. H.*

### Poor Geography

*To the Editor:* This post would like to call your attention to the recent article, "New Jersey Starts in Where Uncle Sam Leaves Off," which appeared in a recent *Weekly*. In reference to the Blessé Haven at Wildwood we would like to state that an error has been made in regard to the location and former name of this home.

Wildwood is not situated on the extreme end of Cape May but is approximately fifteen miles northeast of the most southern point. Three small towns are between Wildwood and the extreme point.

The Cape May Yacht Club is situated in Cape May, N. J., and was not bought up by Byron Pennington Croker Post.

This post last Spring rented the property belonging to the Holly Beach Yacht Club for the summer for the purpose of turning it into a home where the wounded boys who were in hospitals throughout the State could come and rest for two weeks, the idea being to have a complete change of men every two weeks during the season. The whole idea originated with this post and was sponsored by this post, with the aid of the Auxiliary and other organizations throughout the city.—G. M. RIGOR, *Adjutant, Byron Pennington Croker Post, Wildwood, N. J.*

### Try These

*To the Editor:* I suggest that codes should be restricted to practical military codes. This implies some very definite restrictions.

(1) A military code must be known by a large number of persons and is sure to be betrayed to the enemy. This makes it necessary, using the same system, to change to key at frequent intervals without having to devise an entire new system of encoding.

(2) It must be possible to encode and decode with small probability of error. In other words, it must be simple.

(3) It must be possible to telegraph.

(4) It goes without saying that it must

## What Was Your Most Thrilling Experience?

THE historians may write forever—but they will never succeed in telling the whole story of the World War. They will miss the best part of it. Long after all of the big, vital facts have been dug out of official documents and used there will still remain countless fascinating human-interest stories that military and historical people somehow don't seem to find room for—the personal experiences of the millions who actually took part.

Every single veteran had some real thrills when he was in uniform—regardless of whether he guarded bridges in California polished brass on a dreadnaught, or camped in a fox-hole in the Argonne. Tell about at least one of them—your most exciting experience—for the benefit of the rest of those who read the *Weekly*.

What was your most exciting experience? The very first chance you get, sit down and tell us about it. Boil your story down to 300 words or less, and, if possible, type it.

No manuscripts will be returned, but the best of those that reach us we will gladly print.

be difficult to decipher without the key. The perfect cipher would be impossible to decipher but none has yet been found to fulfill these conditions.

The best system that I know of is the Playfair, although I have heard that the Germans devised a better in the last days of the war. Below is an example of the key and an encoding in the Playfair system.

LEGIO	TH EP LA YF AI RI SA VE RY
	SI MP LE
N A B C D	RM OH EN VM CE TE RB WL TW
	TG PF EG
F H K M P	CI PH ER TO WR IT EZ
Q R S T U	MC FK AW UI EW CY OW
V W X Y Z	

This would be sent:

RMOHE NVMCE TERBW LTWTG PFEGL  
CFKAW UIEWC YOW

Having had the system explained, how many can decipher the following written in the same system but in a different key?

HFQPQ TKMOU XYGNX WTQPA DZWHZ  
QHFDE CDBEX RZXYV UVIZH TPLHX  
UCENN SHRBZ PLDFH OWCDI IZPTZ  
BVHIZ HQACU HOE

—HOWARD G. BORDEN, 52 N. Clinton Ave.,  
Trenton, N. J.

To the Editor: Referring to the ciphers published in the Voice, allow me to submit one for the experts to ponder over. No commas, dots and dashes are necessary. This system requires little time to encipher when one is familiar with it, but it is not so easy to solve without the key.

14321 11424 34122 41442 15114 52534 54332  
14331 14522 21415 12241 25141 21133

Let's see if they call this one easy.—WILLIAM H. SCHMOLL, ex-8th F. S. B. 4th Div., Cincinnati, O.

#### A Suggestion from Washington

To the Editor: It seems to me the Bugler at Belleau Wood idea is one of the most beautiful thoughts that has ever appeared in the Weekly. No monument could possibly show finer respect and warmth of appreciation.

There will be many better ideas offered than mine, but, as a suggestion, could we not add twenty-five cents to our yearly dues and thereby create a fund sufficiently large to send a buddy across to one of the largest American cemeteries in France to carry out the suggestion made by Mr. Poole? Why not select a Legionnaire who was wounded in one of the great battles and send him for the period of one year; then another each succeeding year, continuing this bit of remembrance as long as we live as a Legion? I believe if we were to set aside a certain day in the year on which each of us might contribute a specific sum for such a living memorial fund and also open the day to the public for contributions, we should easily raise an amount sufficiently large to place such a living memorial in each of the larger cemeteries of France.

While we are attempting to lighten the hearts of our wounded comrades here at home, let us not forget those who are now sleeping under the snows of northern France. Thanks to Mr. Poole for his beautiful thought.—FREEMAN J. MERCER, Bellingham, Wash.

#### Is It Yours?

To the Editor: In 1919 at Camp Cody Contagious Camp I found a gold watch of a very old make. It has a hunting case and is very old-fashioned and worn very thin. It was laying in the road, but the box in which it was mailed had been crushed so that I could not make out the address. I left it at the Y.M.C.A. for a while, but it was returned to me, and when we got orders to shove off for France I sent it home. Today I was looking through some trunks and found it again. I believe that owner would be very glad to get this watch. It looks like an heirloom to me. Could you put a notice of this in our Weekly? I will be glad to send it to the owner if he can describe it.—MURTON A. ROADGE, Litchfield, Minn.

# Your Copy of the Weekly

will be discontinued  
soon unless you have  
paid your 1923 dues.

Only five more issues  
will be mailed to those  
who are delinquent in  
the payment of their  
1923 post dues.

Any issues missed  
through delay in pay-  
ment of dues cannot be  
supplied at later date.

Pay your 1923 dues  
and avoid missing your  
Weekly.

## A danger signal— tender and bleeding gums

**HEALTHY** teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhœa are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhœa germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

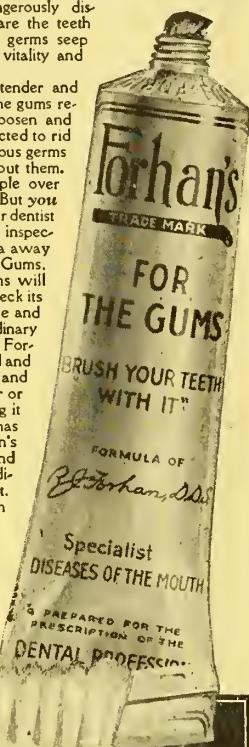
Pyorrhœa begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

**Four out of five** people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhœa away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35¢ and 60¢ tubes in U.S. and Canada.

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Montreal



## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS



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Pre-shrunk,  
will not wilt, crack or wrinkle  
—easily laundered

35¢ each 3 for \$1.00

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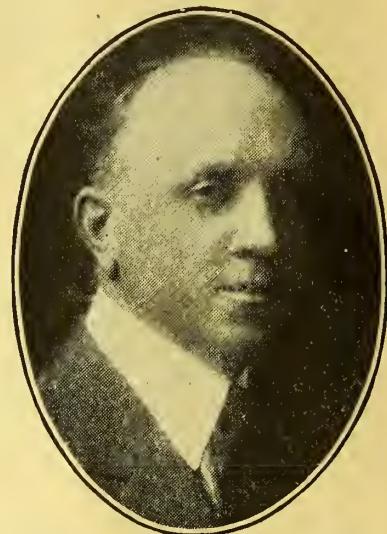
# Another Two-War Man

WILL somebody page a nice, active, intelligent, blood-thirsty war and give it to Watson B. Miller of Washington, D. C.? Two wars have come and gone already, and they both fooled him.

The first happened when he was still under age. (He was born in Rensselaer, Indiana.) It was the Spanish-American War. Young Mr. Miller joined up with a brigade, but the War Department reduced the brigade to a regiment, and pretty soon Mrs. Miller, the mother, heard where her son was and that he was in the war, and she reached out and reduced him (as he admits) to an impotent and tearful civilian. The next war came along, as so many even of our youngest readers will remember, around 1917.

The whole Miller family got started. This time, younger brothers horned in and got into service, leaving the older brother to hold the bag and keep the wolf away from the family door. But he fooled them. He got into service, anyway. And then the War Department fooled him. They sent him to the 9th Division at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, and the Armistice beat the division to the front.

After the war, the War Department kept on fooling him. It kept him in service until late in 1919, and finally let him go as a captain. Mr. Miller never demurred. He thought it his duty, he



Watson B. Miller of Washington, D. C.

said, to stay until they were through with him.

After he left off being a captain he became a member of The American Legion. Last year he was commander of the Department of the District of Columbia. This year he is a National Vice-Commander of the Legion.

## Their Messages

The General's was in Latin, the Poilu's in French  
By Frances M. Stover

THE general's address was inspiring. It was a warm evening, just after sunset, and this was the brigade's last night at the training camp in Brittany—they were moving to the front in the morning.

The general was not the general in command of the brigade. He was a Kentuckian, a chevalier in appearance, with all of the oratorical flourish of the best Blue Grass traditions.

Often he spoke to those leaving for the front. Always they had the same dinner within the same stone walls, always there was the same precedence—the major with the longest service sat next to the colonel and the first lieutenant spoke only if the captain was silent.

But it was the little second lieutenant who leaped first to his feet and led the applause that the stone walls echoed when the Kentucky orator-general raised his arm beside his handsome head and quoted, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Then he translated freely, "We Americans are all of us glad and proud to die for our country—the best land that God's sun ever set on."

He used his old-fashioned Latin and his old-fashioned gestures for many an American unit in 1918. His speech was said to help the morale of the men going to the front.

They were still under the spell of the general's glorious dying for country as the troop train wound slowly around

Paris. Old women stood, keys in hand, at gates as the whistle shrieked.

It was almost stifling in the compartments. The second lieutenants climbed to the baggage racks above the seats and swaying in the dusty cigarette-laden heat, endeavored to rest.

What a great day this was—just a bit more of the bumping train, a few kilos march and then—the war—the thing for which they had been a year preparing. Who knew—maybe by tomorrow night the boy rocking in the baggage rack opposite might be dead, and after another day his smart coat might be bursting its buttons out in No Man's Land.

Sometimes there were French soldiers on the station platforms. Perhaps the old papa of a baggageman would have the leggings of Sedan wrapped round his shrunken limbs and a cap of the Marne days on his gray hair. He looked weary enough and old—not much of the general's flaming spirit, apparently, in his life.

The brass engine stopped. The little lieutenant raised up. "If this was Wisconsin," he reasoned, "I would say we were taking on water, and I would get out and stretch my legs." He slid down.

"Orders are against leaving the coach." The first lieutenant appreciated the responsibility of rank.

But the little looey was out of the coach, and then, coming toward him, hobbling, crutching along at the end

of the long wooden platform, he saw the legless Frenchman whom he was to think of in after years as his "brother in arms." The grandiloquent name was a reflex of the general's speech. When the boy told the story back in America, a year later, he always called him "the legless frog I met at A—" He only thought of him as his "brother in arms."

The Frenchman had on the worn red breeches of 1914. At the knees were hideous black pads, resting on the ground. His horizon coat was shabby; so was the cap that was only four feet above the platform. But he must have been tall once, that Frenchman, for the arms that crooked over the crutches were long.

Now the little lieutenant was very young and very straight, and for all his sleeping in the baggage rack, his uniform was smart. He was literally "garnished and dressed for the fray," and he was still under the general's spell. The Frenchman who stumped toward him did not look to be in any ecstasy of glorious patriotism.

While still at the end of the platform, the Frenchman saluted with a grand flourish like one of the general's gestures, and then continued his slow way. But for all his dragging pace he was so evidently attempting speed that the American boy forgot all about rank and ran up to him—the locomotive was already making preliminary little coughs.

"How d'y do, mon frère?" he said. Then he smiled, surprised at himself. Who knew—perhaps once at the front, he might become as high-flown as the general.

Now the Frenchman had something important to say. And he said it with a terrible earnestness and with many impetuous gestures, taking hand from one crutch, then from the other, and pointing excitedly at his stumps of legs.

The lieutenant couldn't get the drift—there were many "il faut's" and a frequent "name of God"—but what was this all-important message?

The legless veteran gave it over and over with such haste and vehemence that it seemed he must know how short a time the train would stop. He must have foreseen that there would be a second looey who would stretch his legs against orders, and for him he had waited on the sun-heated platform.

He reached his long arm upward; he grasped the little lieutenant's shoulder, covering the gold bar—he shook him, and he pointed again, in a frenzy of determination to make himself understood, at his own stumps of legs.

The train started. The soldiers, putting heads out of windows, yelled, "Run!" The lieutenant swung on and looked back at the Frenchman, who had

taken both hands from his crutches and was making last frenzied gestures toward his stumps.

That night the regiment was marching. The little looey wrote a letter home which said, among other things: "Heard my first thunder."

The next day he was up in a tree and the war was a reality. The Richthoffen circus flew over him. A captive American balloon fell to the ground, a blazing streak of fire. The roar and the scream and the rockets were there, and many soldiers creeping forward, just as he had imagined. But it was not the war of the phrase from Horace. Never but twice, when he listened to the general's address, and when he stood on the platform with the legless, gesticulating poilu, did the little looey feel as though it was a war of the grand Latin quotation and of brothers in arms!

One night at mess an English liaison officer gave warning. "Don't forget, this winter, to pull burlap bags over your boots, and wind 'em on with strips of the same burlap sacking, y' know. It prevents frozen feet. The interstices of the burlap hold just enough mud to form a cake which will keep your feet from freezing."

"Oh, there are tricks to war, and the Frenchies know them all. They taught us this one back in 1915. So many of their men lost legs before they discovered the sacking trick."

Then it was clear to the little lieutenant. The old Frenchman on the station platform had tried so desperately to teach him the "sacking trick"! His own feet must have frozen that first winter of the war.

And his duty was not over just because he had no legs. He had selected the station platform as his post—he would give the precious secret to these young Americans. More than ever he seemed to the American boy to be a "brother in arms."

When a fresh regiment came up front, the looey asked, "Did an old frog without legs try to explain something to you at A—?"

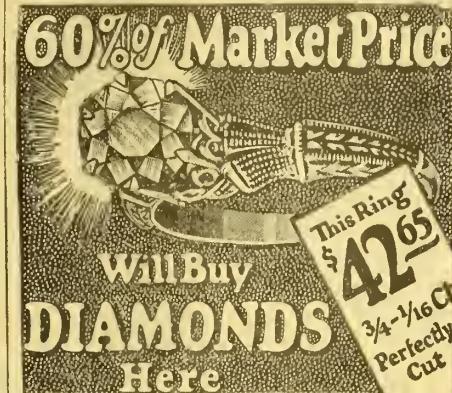
"Yes." The lieutenant was obviously tolerant. "He chattered away like crazy—I made out that he wanted me to buy him some cork legs—they think all Americans are rich. I threw him a dollar—I had one in my pocket for a good luck piece, but, Lord, by the time we reached A—, I knew there wasn't such a thing as good luck up here."

The little looey thought of the Kentucky general—clearly he must have ceased making that address about the glory and sweetness of dying for country. For no one, having heard it, could have thought the legless poilu was asking alms, or that there was nothing good at the front.

The general and the poilu—such as they had, each had given.

## The Essay Contest Awards

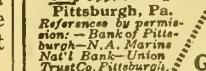
**ANNOUNCEMENT** of the winners of The American Legion National Essay Contest, which was promised readers of the Weekly in this issue, cannot be made at this time owing to the large number of essays which had to be read by the judges and the extreme difficulty of choosing among a number of entries of almost equal merit. The decision will be printed in the earliest issue possible.



This perfectly cut 3/4—1/16 Ct. diamond; a snappy, handsome blazing solitaire, at \$42.65, among bargains in our lists. See the many big amazing values, some as low as \$60 per Carat, other higher per Carat bargains. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.



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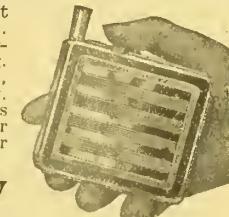
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Don't send a penny now. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. Money back at once absolutely guaranteed if you are not more than pleased. Write postal or letter NOW.

National Music Lovers, Inc., Dept. 331, 354 Fourth Av. New York



KIWANIS CLUB OF NEWARK, N. J. For organizing a central committee to co-ordinate efforts in behalf of ex-service men. Representatives of the Kiwanis, Rotary and Lion Clubs, The American Legion and the American Red Cross comprise the central body.

HOUSTON POST, PHILADELPHIA, PA. On invitation of the post, the local American Red Cross office is established in the post home. The post also pledged that every one of its 980 members would subscribe to a Red Cross membership for 1923.

RAMSEY COUNTY LEGION COUNCIL, SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA. For distributing over one hundred fully filled baskets of food, including chicken and trimmings, to needy married veterans on Thanksgiving Day. More than one hundred single men were provided with meal tickets on St. Paul restaurants for their dinners, thus avoiding the embarrassment which might be occasioned by a general dinner.

THOMAS BREEDING POST, HOLDENVILLE, OKLA. The post spent \$500 to put a new floor in the local armory. The armory is used as a post home and also as a community building.

FRANCIS ARRINGTON - JONES POST, WAYNESVILLE, N. C. The Federal Vocational Training School in this city is indebted to the post for a new steel flagpole. One of the trainees declared that "the old dilapidated, swaying object which served as its predecessor was a disgrace to a bunch of ex-service men."

ADJUTANT LEE SAUNDERS AND HISTORIAN A. D. FARRIOR, HUERFANO POST, WALSENBURG, COLO. To prepare aliens to qualify for their naturalization papers, these two men have been conducting classes in citizenship. Twenty-seven of their graduates took the oath of allegiance at an Americanization meeting arranged by the post at which American flags were presented to each of the new citizens.

DALLAS McGLOTHLEN POST, WHITE BLUFFS-HANFORD, WASHINGTON. For scoring a one hundred percent paid-up membership for 1923 in a territory thirty miles long by fifteen miles wide, which is served by this one post. Every eligible man and woman in that territory is a Legion member. This same record was made in 1921 and 1922, and the 1923 cards were in the hands of the department adjutant on December tenth. At the first meeting in December, 36 of the 67 members of the post were on hand, although six inches of snow was on the ground and snow was

falling at the time. Some of the members drove fifteen miles to report present.

KELLEY-INGRAM NAVY Post, CLEVELAND, OHIO. For adopting the seven hundred boys comprising the Ohio naval and marine cadets.

PORTO RICO POST, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO. For increasing its membership in one year from twenty-five to 167 members. For pushing organization work with such good effect that in less than a year six additional Legion posts have been established on the island, at Ponce, Mayaguez, Guayama, Aguadilla, Humacao and Arecibo.

VOITURE LOCALE, 40 AND 8, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. For staging a "Night in Paris" with the co-operation of the Women's Overseas Services League, thereby netting several thousand dollars for service work. A feature of the celebration was the sale for ten francs of a fine reproduction of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, a four-page newspaper replete with memories of overseas days.

CHARLESTON (SOUTH CAROLINA) POST AND ITS AUXILIARY. For paying last tribute to a destitute veteran who died while in their city. Identity of the man was established by the metal identification disk which he wore. Communication with his family established the fact that they were unable to furnish funds, so the Auxiliary asked permission to pay all expenses and the post arranged a military funeral.

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Earn \$40 to \$75 a week selling our \$28.50 **G**uaranteed **A**ll **W**ool made-to-measure suits. **G**uaranteed **H**and-Made workmanship—**B**iggest Tailoring Values ever offered. You collect deposit and keep it as your profit. No delivering—we ship C.O.D. Carrying case with large samples furnished. Suits all **O**ne **P**rice—\$28.50. Exclusive territory to right men. Write fully stating experience.

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Mac-O-Chee Mill & Co., Dept. 2572 Cincinnati, O.

## OUR HONOR SQUAD No. 2



MARY F. YEOMANETTE. Editress of the "Up-to-date Women" column in the Perkinsville Tribune. Her new-style complexion and trailing draperies failed to make the impression she expected when she attended the meeting of Yeoman (F) Post. And then it dawned on her that bobbed hair and knee-length skirts weren't nearly so out of date as her 1922 membership card. So

**She paid her 1923 dues**

E. W. SEARS, DOUGLAS COUNTY POST, OMAHA, NEBRASKA. For his presence of mind and courage in stopping a runaway team in the crowded business section of Omaha, thereby saving a number of pedestrians from injury and possible death. He suffered a deep gash in the leg from the iron shoe of one of the horses.

NEW YORK COUNTY ORGANIZATION, THE AMERICAN LEGION. For the splendid work accomplished in staging the second annual Victory Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City on the eve of Armistice Day, thereby netting over ten thousand dollars for the continuance of service work in the county.

JOSEPH P. FOODY POST, XENIA, OHIO. For entertaining the children of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home, the inmates of the county home and the county infirmary as its guests at the first performance of the post's home talent show, "The American Legion Musical Revue of 1923."

SPANISH FORK (UTAH) POST. For qualifying for the 1923 paid-up membership honor roll. A radio concert following the December fourteenth meeting brought out forty-nine ex-service men of the town, and following the program, just 100 percent of those present signed up 1923 cards. Of this number thirteen were new members.

GEORGE N. BOURGUE POST, WATERVILLE, MAINE. For contributing one hundred dollars to start a relief fund for students of Colby College in their city within seven hours after fire destroyed one of the dormitories. The student occupants of this building lost all their clothing and other effects. The fund started by the Legion grew to nearly five thousand dollars. The use of the post's quarters was given to the men who lost their campus homes in the fire.

EARL ROSS POST, ITS AUXILIARY, AND THE 40 AND 8 VOITURE LOCALE, STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA. Each of these organizations has adopted a local Boy Scout Troop.

## \$20,352.10 Cash in Hand

BECAUSE the New York Polo Grounds lies at the foot of the towering bluff on which upper Manhattan is built, The American Legion will have in 1923 exactly \$20,352.10 more money to spend in its work of aiding the disabled than it would have had if the 1922 World's Series baseball games had been played on a diamond which was not a part of a tilted landscape.

As almost everyone remembers, the third game of that series between New York's two teams, the Yankees and the Giants, was "called on account of darkness" with the score tied, although some tens of thousands of fans who had paid \$120,000 to see the game didn't agree with the umpire's verdict that the shadows cast by Coogan's Bluff had made further playing impossible.

To answer the imputations that the game had been shortened unnecessarily in order that the receipts for the series

might be increased by the playing of an extra game, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's national dictator, announced immediately after the contest that the entire receipts of the tie game would be given to New York charitable institutions and to help disabled service men of the World War. In accordance with his announcement, made last October, Judge Landis a few weeks ago made public the apportionment of the receipts. Half of the receipts, he decreed, should go to a list of New York City charitable institutions and organizations. The remaining half, \$61,056.30, he awarded in equal shares to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans and The American Legion.

The American Legion's third—\$20,352.10—has been made a part of the Legion's Service Fund, to be used in the Legion's work for the disabled veteran.

## Twenty-five Years After

(Continued from page 11)

Time in the Old Town.' All the campaigns saw the same brand of African golf balls, the same rookie and the same quest for the military post.

"Dig in? Sure we dug in. There was considerable trench fighting. The Spanish had some well-constructed defense lines which we took over, but most of our digging consisted in individual fox holes constructed hurriedly after an advance while the Spaniard were potting at us from a higher level. Our entire forces, Regulars and National Guard, at San Juan Hill, numbered less than a complete overseas division."

Some one mentioned hikes—those pilgrimages in a soldier's life wherein he shoulders his home and gat and sallies forth on foot in an effort to keep pace with the colonel on horseback. Every beetle that ever struck pup tents thinks he was on a record hike sometime in his career.

"The hikes in Cuba," said O'Brien,

"were not long or difficult, although wet—just appetizers. Overseas the hard highways made the going bad and the distances were greater than in Cuba, but the soldier pedestrians found the toughest traveling on the soft, sandy stretches this side the Rio Grande, where water was so scarce that a drop on a jackrabbit's nose would make him spit in a coyote's eye."

"Our record on the border was fifteen miles. Scores dropped out—wilted. Some chewed cactus to wet their lips, some wiped the moisture from their foreheads and ran their hands over their parched tongues. A cloud in the sky was a joy producer that had the golden fleece looking as dismal as a Lake Erie fog. If the Eighteenth Amendment lives for fifty years, the Rio Grande vets will never get as dry as they did on that hike in ten hours. The S. A. war gets the honors for fever and scandal; the border for hunger and hikes and the World War for fighting,

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--------	---

cooties and souvenir production."

When Alexander's boys got back from Persia, some buck who had just glommed his discharge and bonus started the ivories rolling in the rear of Aleck's tepee and shouted "Never again," and so it was with O'Brien after three starts, and so it will be with all other doughboys to the end of time.

The big trouble with getting into so many scraps, O'Brien says, is that you lose your first pension. When the pension man called at O'Brien's home in 1917 somebody around the premises informed him that the pensioner was away to the war. That cost him \$18 a month from the U. S. A. and he had to go out and get shot up and gassed overseas. A Federal Board course in automobile mechanics and salesmanship has fitted him for a new trade.

## Free Land

(Continued from page 7)

The ex-service men want farms.

If they go on dry land or other raw farms without either a moderate bank-roll or an assured income they must spend the weariest years of their lives in getting established.

Those years are harder on the wife than on the man.

Reclaiming lands is a good business proposition for both man and nation.

It is fairly obvious, then, that the ideal arrangement would be one by which land shall be reclaimed by the Government and turned over to men who will farm it. At the same time the men should be provided with a means for gaining an income which will permit them to live on their lands and make the necessary improvements against the time when the lands will be ready to begin producing. The nation should realize that the reclamation of land, being a good business proposition, justifies the investment of money on terms which will permit the creation of a revolving fund, from which the cost of reclaiming other lands shall be paid. The transaction should be a purely business one from start to finish, but not a coldly business one. A little warmth and sympathy and comprehension should enliven it.

Let us have a look at the reclaimable lands owned by the nation.

The Reclamation Service informs me that the United States owns between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 acres of arid lands which can be profitably reclaimed by putting on water.

There are 79,000,000 acres of cut-over lands—lands which have been logged off and are now covered with second growth and underbrush—from which a selection can be made.

The swampland total of the United States is approximately 80,000,000 acres, of which much is reclaimable.

Let us have a close-up of these figures and find out just what they mean. If each dry-land family farms fifty acres, and the Reclamation Service has proved that the forty-acre farmer of irrigated land is more prosperous than the eighty-acre farmer, then the 15,000,000 acres of arid land that can conveniently be brought under cultivation would support 300,000 families. That 15,000,000 acres is one twenty-second part of the 330,000,000 acres we cultivated on the past ten years' average.

There are easily 15,000,000 acres of

cut-over land that can be reclaimed with profit. Hence the United States could add, if it would, 30,000,000 acres of good farming land to its present-day assets, on which 600,000 families could live in sound comfort.

That is equal to the eleventh part of the total cultivated acreage today. It is equivalent to adding a forty-ninth State—or perhaps even a fiftieth—to the Union, even if not another acre of cut-over or swamp land were ever reclaimed. It might, perhaps, bring new potatoes down to the price of alligator pears in the city markets. Laid out in small farms, intensively cultivated and well improved, as small farms are apt to be, it would be conservatively worth \$200 an acre. That would add six billion dollars to the taxable wealth of the nation.

That is almost one half what Europe owes us today.

The reclamation of the 15,000,000 acres of arid land, on the basis of the North Platte costs, might be reckoned at \$1,500,000,000. By an odd chance that happens to be precisely the amount Europe thought a few weeks ago her warring States might borrow from us.

There are various land reclamation schemes fermenting around in Congress. The one which at the moment of writing seems to be most in favor is the Smith-McNary Bill, which has been favorably reported from committee. So far as I have been able to discover, this is an excellent measure, with the exception of one point.

It does not give the intending settler a chance at any other land than arid land. It is a desert or nothing for the Red Higginses of the ex-Army. They are practically barred away from the cut-over lands, some of which are as rich as a Rothschild bank, and from the swamp lands, which will in time be the prime lands of the United States. Look at those celery swamps near Kalamazoo if you do not believe me. But for the moment I shall pass over this feature.

The strong feature of the Smith-McNary Bill, and presumably the equally strong feature of whatever measure may finally be made into law, is its revolving fund. The bill provides for a capital investment by the nation of \$350,000,000 in amounts as needed. This will be used in reclaiming lands and helping the settlers get under way. The investment is for a term of twenty to forty years at a moderate interest, and as interest and principal sums are paid in they will be re-invested in other reclamation projects. Hence the "revolving fund". The interest of the soldier in the bill is that this grants him a priority in filing on land and in the gaining of employment on the reclamation projects, as against intending civilian settlers or workers.

My objection to the Smith-McNary Bill is that it is as obviously written in the interest of the dry-land boomers of the Western Coast as though it were so stated in the title. Turn back a few paragraphs and discover the three sorts of reclaimable lands. They are dry, cut-over and swamp.

The Smith-McNary Bill deals only with arid lands and swamp lands, for it speaks of reclaiming lands by "irrigation, drainage or diking" only. Now, it should be obvious that swamp lands will be the last lands reclaimed, no matter what their fundamental richness may be. Diking and draining is costly, for one thing. Swamps are retiring creatures, which often exist at distances

from railroads. They are not pleasant to live in, unless one has a dash of water-moccasin blood. I would hate to see my wife or mother in a swamp cabin.

It follows that arid land will be the first selected for reclamation. There isn't a bit of doubt that it is more easily brought under cultivation than any other sort. There is no clearing to do, except sagebrush. It is ordinarily rich and must be fairly level. There is in the Columbia River basin a tract of 1,500,000 acres of dry land that needs only water to make it superbly productive. That is almost ten percent of the arid area available and almost as much as has been reclaimed by the Government in twenty years. Nor do I blame the alert gentleman of the Pacific Coast for having a well-informed committee in Washington to watch its interests. They are doing precisely what they should do. I'd like to own a nice little irrigated farm out in that country myself, if what the boomers tell me is true. They say orchard are worth \$1,500 an acre and often net \$300 an acre a year.

My point is that under the Smith-McNary Bill the soldier must take desert land or nothing.

Yet there are 79,000,000 acres of cut-over lands, from which a choice of rich ground may be had. Some of it is stony and some mountainous and some too thin to grow anything except goat brush. But there are also millions of acres of the best farming lands in the world once the second growth and underbrush is taken off. Do not forget that our forefathers in Ohio and Illinois and New York had to grub black walnut out of their farms.

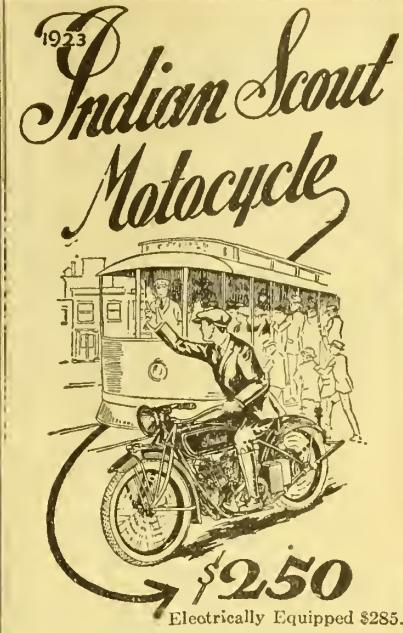
Many an American who wants a farm had rather settle near his old home. He likes to see branches waving. He had rather live in a log cabin than in a dugout. He prefers the chatter of squirrels to the howls of coyotes. The Reclamation Service says that there is reclaimable land in almost every State in the Union. He can have—if he is permitted to have—his choice of States.

But under any bill which is being kissed along by our clever friends from the West his choice must be confined to the dusty stretches. And I do not think it is fair play.

There are thousands of acres of cut-over lands that are fairly bursting with fertility. In the Carolinas and Georgia the colored boys "stick" corn in some of these lands. They just poke holes with a stick and drop in the grain. The corn and the land and the weather do the rest. There are cut-over lands in New York and Michigan and Wisconsin. It really seems to me that for once in a way the interests of the nation, not to speak of the interests of the soldiers, might be considered on Capitol Hill. A law might be enacted which would so lay down the bars that intending settlers might almost have their choice of States and climates and lands.

In that law the soldier should be given the first chance at getting land and at getting work by which to pay for it. That is provided for in the Smith-McNary bill. When the soldiers are satisfied the civilians should be given an opportunity. That is the way to build up a strong nation of landholders. The best citizen is the most contented one.

Something might have been done in



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1919 if personal vanity had not got in the way. Secretary of the Interior Lane wanted to have the credit for writing the bill that was to give lands to the ex-service men. So did various Congressmen. There was no particular dispute on the bill itself, but there was a lively underground struggle as to who was to take the bows at the footlights. Secretary Lane held on—and the Congressmen held on—and eventually the bill was pulled in two in the middle. Three and one-half years have passed since then and nothing has been done.

Under the Smith-McNary Bill the Department of the Interior, in which is located the Reclamation Service, would have charge of the projects. The plan is of a beautiful and workable simplicity. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to select a tract of land for improvement. It is the assumption in the Department that no tract will be chosen that will not harbor at least one hundred families, each on its own farm. That farm might be 250 acres in extent or only ten. The more acres the better for a dairy farm, while ten acres is often enough in red-cheeked apples.

Not to bother too much with the technical details, the plan is that the Government shall pay the cost of reclaiming the land, precisely as it does now under the Reclamation Service. The process of reclaiming might take from one to five years, dependent on the nature of the lands and the difficulties encountered. Right here a most important feature is incorporated.

The service man is given a priority in working on the project.

In other words, instead of being dumped on a raw farm which has nothing but sage, coyotes and water, as was my poor old friend Red Higgins, he will be given a job right near his ranch. Between times he can carpenter on his own vine and fig tree. It is to the interest of the Government that only those men who will stay on the farm be given lands. Obviously it is also to the interest of the men themselves that they discover whether they will like farm work before they marry it. This plan automatically winnows applicants without injuring either party to the endeavor.

It is the belief of the Reclamation Service that the man who means business can save enough from his wages during the period of development to care for his family and also start his new farm going in a modest way. When the district is opened, twenty to forty-year five percent bonds will be issued, backed by the Government, and sold in the open market at not less than par. Experience has shown that when water is turned on arid lands the bankable security is worth something like two and one half to three times the bond issue necessary. The money thus recovered by the Government is turned

into other projects. The Government will deal only with the district and the individual settler will pay the interest on his farm mortgage to the district, just as he pays his taxes.

Later on it is possible that provision may be made by which the settler can borrow a sum of money to help him get started, on a second mortgage on his farm. That is a matter for future consideration. A highly important feature of the Interior Department's plan is that the reclaimed tracts shall be developed on the community plan. Good roads will checkerboard them and town sites will be set aside. In these town sites men who prefer to live in town may take up small tracts—really good-sized gardens—on which they may erect their homes while retaining their employment in town.

The settlers will be furnished with up-to-the-minute plans for house building, and co-operative buying of materials will be advised, though not insisted on, as the Government does not wish to be overly paternal in its dealings with the settlers. Encouragement will be offered for the construction of telephone and electric light plants. The settler—and, more important, the settler's wife—will be no more isolated than in any country town. Soil analyses will be furnished, so that costly mistakes will not be made in the experimental years of planting. The Department of Agriculture will offer the services of its scientists. And none of these propositions are mere moony theories. They have all been worked out practically, in one place or another.

This may not be as sunshiny an article as the Legion would like to read. It would be much more pleasant to be a signpost pointing into the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, and show pictures of little farms covered with blossoms and owned by ex-service men. I could easily be eloquent about shady verandas and contented cows and rosy cheeked little children and tell about silk-stockinged farmers' wives listening in delightedly on the party wires, and driving over good roads to the community theater.

And it would all be true.

Except that there is nothing more absolutely devilish than trying to make a raw farm behave when the farmer has no money. I've been a raw farmer myself.

Whatever farms-for-soldiers project is adopted, it should include in it an employment feature, for the reasons stated. And if there is any good reason why reclamation should always spell dry land, and never cut-over land, I'd like to know it. It seems to me the would-be farmer should at least be given a chance to settle in the North or South or East if he wants to, and not compelled to go West.

I'd go West myself, if I were given a choice. But I hate to be fooled into anything.

## A Way to Make Americans

(Continued from page 9)

subtle and certain. They were absorbing Americanisms in little everyday ways, by necessity. What Cahan and the *Forward* wisely did was to go along with them.

The *Forward* has gone on to a circulation of 200,000, but still the intellectuals wave their hands and criticize what

they call its vulgar style. Cahan wrote a famous editorial once, urging every mother who read the paper to see that her child took a clean handkerchief to school. It caused a terrific uproar in the coffee houses of New York's East Side intelligentsia. They denounced it as insulting to their people; such ad-

vice was not needed, and anyway it might at least have been written in pure Yiddish.

This policy of writing to the masses is probably the greatest single factor in the success of the *Forward*, but it is not the whole story. The paper nearly died shortly after it was born, because it was first a Socialist propaganda organ and secondarily a newspaper. Cahan reversed the order and made one other notable improvement—his paper not only publishes the news of the day but a liberal amount of what approaches genuine literature.

In *Forward's* eight pages—twenty-eight or thirty-two pages on Sunday—you will find pictures, cartoons, some crime news and sensations, a great deal of Jewish and labor news, and letters and cable dispatches from its own correspondents in Europe—such men as Jean Longuet, French Socialist leader, and Karl Kautsky, German Socialist leader, write for the *Forward* frequently with a degree of authority which is lacking in the correspondence of American English language newspapers. The literary features are supplied by such men as Sholem Asch, whose name is unknown to most of America, but whose novels and studies of human life have given him a following wherever Yiddish is spoken.

Now, the *Forward* is a successful commercial enterprise, but it does not make a great deal of money for its owners or editors. I am told that the paper was founded with the eight hundred dollars put in the hat at the Socialist ball back in 1897. In the last ten years it has earned one and a half million dollars, but under the by-laws of the Forward Association a large part of the net profits have been distributed among causes championed by the paper. Thus, after putting up a modern office building which houses welfare organizations as well as the newspaper plant, \$350,000 has been donated to labor and other movements. Its editor-in-chief, I am told, has recently declined an offer to advance his salary to a figure that would not tempt the city editor of most American dailies; but the *Forward* scrubwomen receive \$37 a week.

The assets of the *Forward* are valued today at more than a million dollars. A special edition is printed in Chicago and circulated in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Detroit. The *Forward* in New York prints special editions for Newark, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its influence is literally national; to it thousands of Yiddish readers look for guidance.

The success of this newspaper is not typical of the fortunes of foreign language newspapers; it is rather a model which other editors might study profitably. The *Forward* has been fortunate in finding an exceptional editor, and in having at its very doorsteps New York's congested East Side, teeming with potential readers. Yet these advantages would not have availed if the *Forward* had not always sensed the steady Americanization of its readers and gone along with them. The *Forward* is an active Americanization agency of the finest type, because it is trusted and understood by its readers.

Some of the other Yiddish dailies in New York are close rivals of the *Forward*, but in all the foreign language group it has no equal. There are some good papers among the German, Czech,

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**For 10c** I will send 3 liberal packages: Red, yellow, white, brown and pink. No better value for the money.

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Slovak and Polish sections, but the newspaper which most closely approaches the *Forward* is *Il Progresso*, the foremost Italian daily. *Il Progresso* was established in New York in 1879 because, I am told, the editor of the only Italian paper then published in the city did not pay enough attention to Mr. Carlo Barsotti's communications to the editor.

Pietro Baldi, an Italian, had been condemned to death for the murder of his wife, and a committee was formed among the Italian residents to work for a more lenient sentence. Barsotti, proprietor of several lodging houses and an important man in the Italian community, took the lead in the movement for clemency. His letters to the Italian paper did not receive the attention which he thought they merited, and so, irritated that the only Italian publication should be so little concerned with the fate of a countryman, Barsotti determined to start a newspaper himself.

Barsotti is an intelligent, self-made business man rather than an editor, and it was not long before he discovered that a newspaper could be made to pay. *Il Progresso* is today a journal of national influence among the mass of Italians. Like the *Forward*, it has conformed to American newspaper practices to a considerable extent, and kept pace with the Americanization of its readers. I saw a copy of it recently; what it was saying I don't know, but the typographical appearance of its first page was superior to that of many of our American dailies.

The first page of this paper, I am told, resembles the papers published in Italy to the extent that the editorials are printed there on the left side, and the remainder of the page is devoted to national and European political news. No crime news is allowed to appear on the first page of *Il Progresso*. Recently Barsotti has begun to publish a Sunday rotogravure section and a literary supplement, which indicates a decided step forward in the culture of its readers as well as an improvement in the newspaper.

"The Italians in America," one of them told me, "can be divided roughly into two classes—the classes for which a paper of popular appeal similar to *Il Progresso* is the utmost that they can read, and the cultivated class which reads the American daily papers. The only reason why cultivated Italians read an Italian paper is the fact that American papers often furnish scanty and inaccurate news regarding Italy.

"This could be especially said during the World War, when the only American newspapers really well informed regarding Italy were the Hearst papers. I understand that Arthur Brisbane gave this part of their activities his personal attention, with the certainty, as was afterward proved, that this was the best way of getting circulation among the 730,000 inhabitants of New York who were born in Italy.

"A good Italian paper can do no harm and can even be a benefit to the community. But as the cultivated class of Italians is increasing daily, and as American papers are publishing more accurate and extensive news about Italy, I foresee a decline in the foreign language press.

"What is said of Italy is probably true of other countries. The more that is said about countries of origin in American newspapers, the better for the papers and the better for their read-

ers of foreign birth and connection. The new Americans will not go beyond these papers for their information, and the newspapers will become the most important factor of Americanization in the true sense of the word, and of international understanding."

There is an admirable outline of a profitable program of Americanization.

A good deal of attention has been paid to the *Forward* and to *Il Progresso*, because they have another quality that is as admirable as their efforts to bring their readers into harmony with American life. That quality is their independence. Real independence is a rare trait among papers in any language; it is not easy to name many of which you cannot say that they are bound by some dogma, some political or social connection of their publishers and editors.

The *Forward*, it is true, is an exponent of Socialism and trades unions; but it is first a newspaper, and the integrity of its columns has never been questioned. *Il Progresso* is the sole property of Carlo Barsotti, who is an autocrat and in a position to be independent if for no other reason than that the paper is prosperous. It is the only Italian paper, I am told, that is not in need of financial support.

It is a dull day in America when some newspaper is not branded as a tool of the interests, or the unions, or the brewers. So it is with the foreign language press; it is a dull day when it is not branded individually or collectively as a tool of some foreign country or of some anti-American agency. In some instances these charges have had and still have merit, but I think that the most damning thing that can be said about the foreign language press as a whole is that it is poor and incompetent.

During the war evidence was unearthed to prove that sections of the foreign language press played, unwittingly and unwittingly, into the hands of German and Austrian propagandists. Yet among the German papers, which might have been expected to be in the pay of Wilhelmstrasse, it appears that the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* was the only one to receive German money. This statement was made by witnesses during a Senate investigation. Newspapers of other foreign language groups printed propaganda from time to time, but, I am inclined to think, quite as much for love and need of the dollar as for love of the Central Powers.

There is, as I have said elsewhere, a high birth and death rate among foreign language publications. Many American newspapers pursue a narrow path between solvency and insolvency, but none so narrow as the path of the little daily or weekly edited by some poor intellectual of foreign birth. The editor of such a paper scorns business; what he is concerned with is some political or religious philosophy which he proceeds to expound at great length until his creditors come down on him. Thereupon his paper either disappears or is taken over by some other doctrinaire.

The paper may, however, fall into the hands of a business man with an axe to grind—some agent for a steamship company or the owner of an immigrant bank. A great many papers of the later immigrant groups, such as the Italians and Poles, have either been founded or financed by such men.

In their efforts to find steerage passengers for their lines, the steamship

companies established agencies throughout the United States. The agents advertised a good deal and sometimes found it expedient to own their own papers. Frequently the agent was a banker also, and there again a newspaper was useful to him.

In the beginning the paper was just an advertisement for the steamship line and the bank, and it was badly edited and crudely printed in a job shop. Since the ethics of the owner were those of a business man rather than those of an editor, and since he usually needed money badly, he would not be apt to pay much attention to the source of any advertising revenue that came his way. Bear in mind that it is advertising that keeps newspapers solvent.

So a great many blatantly crooked advertisers got into his columns—advertisers of nostrums, panaceas, cures for Bright's disease, for cancer and consumption, matrimonial traps, fake oil wells and gold mines, so-called doctors who specialize in men's diseases. You know the breed as well as I do, for many of them still appear in American papers, the only difference being that as fast as these frauds are driven out of American papers they try to find lodgment in the columns of the foreign language press.

Some papers give them a place to roost and some kick them out, and that statement applies to American as well as foreign language publications. I am told that the Norwegian, Swedish, Danish and Finnish papers are practically free from such advertising. Polish papers have attacked it in their editorial columns, and one Italian doctor in New York has practically cleaned up the advertising columns of Italian papers by a single-handed fight against quacks and quackeries. In fact, I am informed that the quacks and fakers are steadily

disappearing from all foreign language groups.

Foreign language newspapers with big circulations get their fair share of legitimate national and local advertising and the amount of quack advertising which they accept depends upon the ethics of their owners. It is different with the little fellows; if they kick out the quacks a good deal of their revenue goes with them. It is in such extremities that they may fall into the hands of politicians, of parties, of so-called radical groups.

There are such papers in the foreign language press; papers that are kept alive by contributions and therefore are bound to express the opinions of their benefactors. If the benefactors happen to be Communists, the paper becomes the spokesman for at least one section of the Communist party. Thereupon, in obedience to its owners, it lets off some editorial blasts, and staid citizens see a red press undermining the Constitution.

Before getting alarmed at the utterances of such publications it is well to remember that there are limits to their effectiveness. There is, of course, a watchful Department of Justice; but there is a factor even more powerful. It is the news, as Abraham Cahan discovered, that attracts readers; not windy discussions of economic determinism or any other ism. These subsidized papers may not be of any value as Americanization agencies, but neither are they likely to be of value to any cause. They are apt to be ridiculous rather than dangerous, futile rather than menacing.

[This is the second of three articles by Mr. Whitney on the foreign language press in America. The third will be published in next week's issue.]

## A Self-Supporting Home

(Continued from page 13)

most pays for itself.

In the first place, the clubhouse has four bedrooms. Each room is equipped with two brass beds and other necessary furniture for the occupancy of two men. Each of the two pays three dollars a week for rent. One man, in lieu of room rent, takes care of the heating plant.

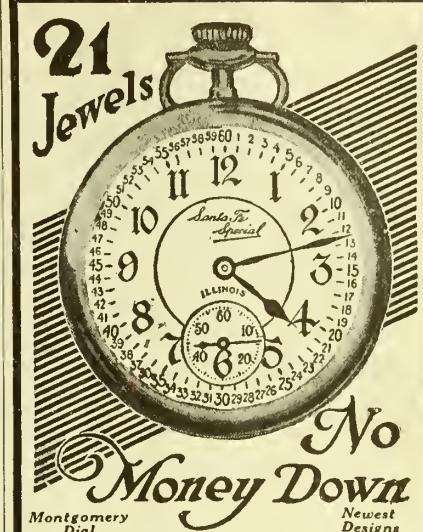
There is income which amounts to \$21 a week, or almost \$95 a month. A housekeeper is employed to do the cleaning and generally to take care of the entire house. Ordinarily the cost of her services would be large, but you must remember that she has nothing to worry about in the heating of the place, and in addition gets other slight services from members and lodgers. Moreover, she is in a position to make money for herself. It is she who serves the meals to members and their friends. Frequent small dinner parties, committee suppers, lunches, and the like, are served, in addition to all the breakfasts of the lodgers. These meals can be furnished by her at a profit, even if they do seem inordinately inexpensive, because she has no rent to pay, no light or fuel to buy, and because she gets free heat. So she is content with a monthly salary of \$30.

All these things keep Cochran Post clubhouse going. They help keep post dues down to three dollars a year—all-

though there is some agitation how to increase them in hopes of getting still better results in club comfort. It is true that the clubhouse is not quite self-supporting, but the only items on which the club loses are the items of light and heat; in every other way the club is self-supporting, and the light and heat items are less than would be the rent for an ordinary sort of clubroom in a business block.

Neither is what has been mentioned all that the club has to offer its members—the post members. The finances are adequate to offer a number of conveniences that are not usual. A player-piano and talking machine are installed on the first floor, and the post allot eight dollars a month for the purchase of new records and music rolls. The post can offer meeting rooms each month to the Auxiliary unit and the local camp of the United Spanish War Veterans. The post gives its adjutant an office—a small but well equipped room on the second floor, with two desks and a commodious safe. The third floor is large enough to permit the use of one room as a billiard and pool room—with a table installed for each game. It allows another room which has just been fitted up for the post trophies. The housekeeper has a good kitchen on the first floor.

What, you may ask, does the post do



While other watch dealers are raising their prices, asking you for larger monthly payments, and making payment terms harder for you to meet, we are offering you our new model Santa Fe Special, no advance in price, no money down, easier terms and smaller monthly payments. WE realize the war is over and in order to double our business we MUST give you pre-war inducements, better prices, easier terms and smaller payments.

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                  Adjusted to Temperature  
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                  Adjusted to the Second  
                  Thin Model. All Sizes.

Without one penny of advance payment let us place it in your hands to see, to examine, to inspect, to admire, to approve, a real masterpiece in watch creation. A Watch which passes the most rigid inspection and measures up to the exacting requirements of the great Santa Fe Railway System, and other great American trunk lines.

**Page 12 of our Watch Book is of Special Interest to You**

Ask for our Watch Book free—then select the Watch you would like to see, either the famous Santa Fe Special or the 6 position Bunn Special, and let us explain our easy payment plan and send the watch express prepaid for you to examine. No Money Down. Remember—No money down—easy payments buys a master timepiece—a 21 Jewel guaranteed for a lifetime at about half the price you pay for a similar watch of other makes. No money down—a wonderful offer.

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with its \$20,000 endowment fund, if it has almost a self-supporting clubhouse?

That answer is simple. What does any Legion post do with most of its money? More than half of the eligible veterans of Williamsport belong, and the post dues are low, but there are veterans in Williamsport, just as there are in any other town, who cannot afford to join and who are in need of assistance. Not one veteran has ever applied for a meal at Cochran clubhouse and been refused, and that does not mean that the applicants have not been investigated, either. The post's welfare committee has paid rent, grocery bills, milk bills, coal bills and what not for financially disabled veterans. It has guaranteed such bills with local merchants. It has furnished sleeping quarters for veterans. It has furnished employment to veterans. It has aided veterans in securing compensation claims. It has visited nearby hospitals and attended to the wants of inmates. It has contributed to the local Y.M.C.A. building fund. It has bought a burial plot for veterans.

These things are expensive. They have used up a lot of money. But the money will be forthcoming for a long, long time. The endowment fund is well invested, and invested largely for the goodwill of Williamsport. Which would almost make a story in itself—a story on how the post invests its money.

For instance, when the night school hunter first arrived in Williamsport he was directed to the Lycoming Hotel. It was a splendid hotel, one of the kind traveling men speak of as "first-class," having in mind the Statler and Boomer systems of hotels. A half-million dollar hotel looked pretentious for Williamsport, yet it seemed to be prospering. How come?

Because, when it was built, local men and women bought the stock, and because they now are giving, by patronage, what they can to insure that the stock pays. Among the heavy buyers was Garrett Cochran Post. Garrett Cochran Post practically insured a dividend for last year just by getting its department convention to Williamsport.

Oh, yes, it was promised that some of the difficulties posts get into in the management of such clubhouses would be told. There really aren't so many. First comes the necessity for buying coal and such things in advance. The adjutant and other post officials have to devote a lot of foresight to their management of the club's affairs. If the adjutant is not willing to give his time, the club gets in a bad way. Cochran Post has been fortunate in this regard, but it knows where trouble would lie in wait if it happened to substitute a less efficient man as adjutant. Second comes the lack of space for big meetings. This fault would hold in any clubhouse of the type. A converted mansion, unless one whole floor is thrown open, with a resulting loss of attractiveness, cannot avoid the problem. Cochran Post plans to get around this by erecting an addition in its commodious back yard. The addition will be big enough for large meetings and will also permit the holding of dances, movies and other entertainments which are practically impossible now. The post advises any outfit that plans converting a mansion into a clubhouse to make sure it also buys a commodious back yard.

A lesson a week will teach you to speak. Start now. Tomorrow never comes. Begin to master words. Good talkers and thinkers are real leaders. Upon request we will send you free copy of prospectus showing the complete summaries of the Peter Collins course in Talking, Thinking and Symbolism.

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### Are You Helping Your Newsdealer?

When your newsdealer makes room for your Weekly on his news stand, do you tell him, "Keep the good work up"? Do you realize that when he does make a place for The Weekly in his display that he is sacrificing the space of a magazine that he has already paid for, for one that he has on consignment? Every good word from you helps him feel that he is being duly repaid for presenting The Weekly to the public.

When he tells you that sales are slow, you yourself can tell him that it is because the people in your community do not know what a wonderful magazine The Weekly is getting to be. Let your newsdealer know that you are telling your friends in all walks of life about it. Make him feel that he is helping you carry the gospel of The American Legion into every home in your community. When you make your newsdealer realize that every Legionnaire is a stockholder in your magazine, he will feel that there is a spirit of cooperation behind The Weekly that no other magazine can offer. Make him know and feel the benefit of the continual publicity you are giving your publication.

This is one of the ways in which to do your part towards the goal of 2,000,000 circulation. It is sure to come. Join the gang that is pushing The Weekly forward to this first place in the periodical field. The Weekly is yours and yours to make. More power to you!

If you need any dope, shoot a postal card to the Circulation Manager.

**The American Legion Weekly**

627 West 43d Street

New York

# The Fruits of La Guerre

If you go back over the trails of yesterday you'll find many beautiful mansions. In the immediate vicinity of them once stood the humble fruit stands. These modern palaces are owned by the ex-keeper of the orange, the apple and the grapefruit.

These foreigners, who now parley in American, and know Little Joe from Big Dick on the cubical gallopers, are rich, very rich. At least they ought to be rich. Yanks over there doing war stuff spent enough money at their fruit stands to make 'em wealthy. We did our part.

Buddy was strong for fresh fruit. Sometimes he got so desperate for it that he went A. W. O. L. looking for fruit stands. Slum always gave Buddy a longing for something besides potatoes that could be peeled.

Today Buddy couldn't eat grapefruit without having it squirt all over his haberdashery. He hasn't eaten it for three years. When he gets sick in quarters and doc orders an apple a day, Buddy has to look up like a dying clam and say, "I don't rate an apple a day—apples are not advertised in my Weekly."

Take the case of oranges. (Read that one over again.) When Buddy was on the trail of the "Gott-mit-uns" he was always in the market for oranges. On pay day he deployed with his clan and moved on the old canteens, tossed greenbacks over the pine, asked for fresh fruit and said "no change."

The gobs all rated grapefruit. A doughboy who stepped off French soil on to the gangplank swooned away when he saw a line-up of gobs partaking of same. No grapefruit-e, no work-ee.

Here's the climax.

Today, less than five years from the time when fresh fruit followed the fresh ammunition right up the lines, former service men, at least Legionnaires, don't eat apples, oranges or grapefruit.

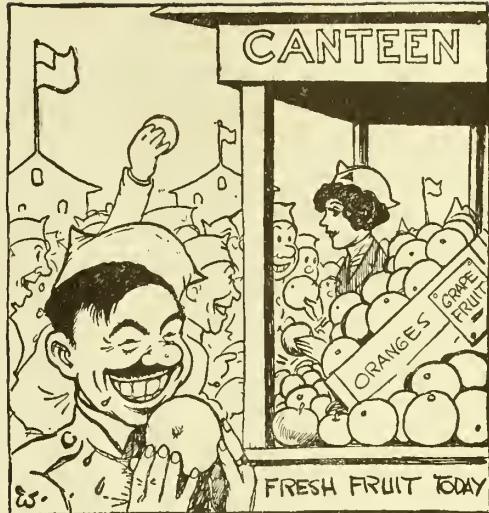
And it's all because these products are not advertised in our Weekly.

When Buddy's friends ask him to "Have one," meaning orange juice, Buddy blushes and says, "Not today, thanks," letting on all the while, that he don't care for the juice. If the truth were known, and here it is, the big orange-growers associations don't advertise their product in Buddy's pages.

When somebody mentions Hood River, Wenatchee Valley or Yakima Valley, Buddy has visions of choice apples—apples that are shipped 'round the pill. But Buddy can't keep the doctor away with these brands, for they are not boosted in his magazine.

Eat up the coupons. Give Buddy some messages to take to these big associations which will prove that three-quarters of a million Legionnaires and Auxiliary members are lovers of fresh fruits.

On the dots—ho!



To the Advertising Manager,  
627 West 43d St., New York City  
I would like to see advertised with us the following fresh  
fruit—oranges, apples, grapefruit, etc.:

Give reasons . . . . .

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark . . . . . dealer . . . . . salesman

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

Post . . . . .

## of ADVERTISERS

OUR AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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### SEEDS

Charlotte M. Haines . . . . .	28
H. W. Buckbee . . . . .	30

### SMOKERS' NEEDS

VV American Tobacco Co . . . . .	3
VV Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co . . . . .	21
VV Lyons Mfg. Co . . . . .	21

### SPORTS AND RECREATION

VV Harley-Davidson Motor Co . . . . .	25
VV Hendee Mfg. Co . . . . .	25
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We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform." Issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY  
ADVERTISE  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE

THEY  
ADVERTISE  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE

# Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

## How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be. You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.



*And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time—or of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.*

knowledge of what is right under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

## Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination

The Book of Etiquette will mean a great deal to you. It has already opened the doors of social success to many, has shown hundreds of men and women the way to obtain the poise and charm their personalities lacked.

Let us send you the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Read a few of the chapters—you will enjoy particularly the chapter on "Games and Sports" and the chapter called "When the Bachelor Entertains." If you are not delighted with the books you may return them within the 5-day period without the least obligation. If you are delighted—as everyone is who examines the books—just send us \$3.50 in full payment and the books are yours.

Don't make the mistake of putting it off. Here is your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette without cost or obligation. Mail the coupon now. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 361, Garden City, N. Y.

**Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 361  
Garden City, New York**

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Name.....

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Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.

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